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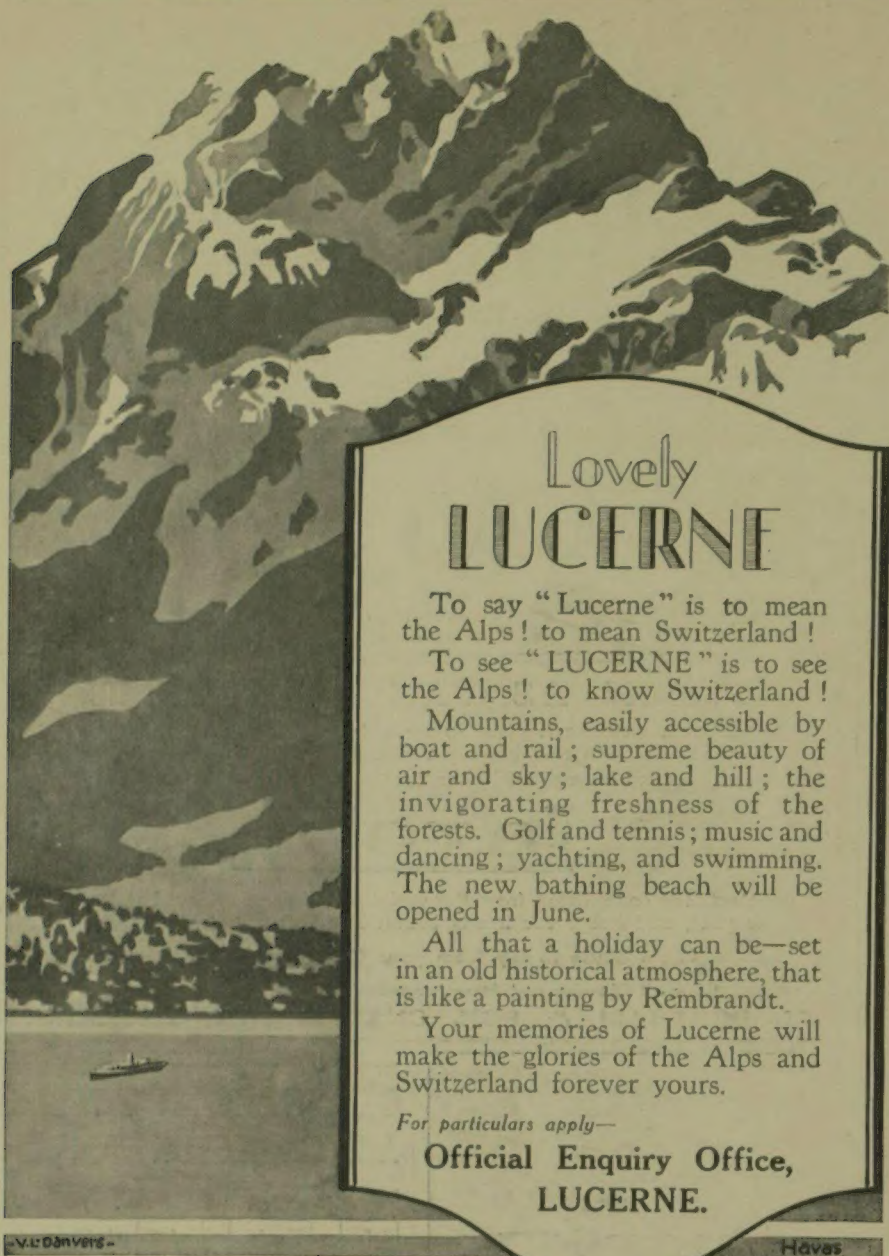
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1929.

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## THE OPENING OF THE BOARD OF TRADE INQUIRY INTO THE SINKING OF THE LINER "VESTRIS": LARGE DIAGRAMS OF THE SHIP AND HER FOUR DECKS DISPLAYED ON THE END WALL.

The Board of Trade Inquiry into the sinking of the Lamport and Holt liner "Vestris," on November 12 last, off the American coast, with the loss of 114 lives, was begun on April 22 at the Institution of Civil Engineers in Westminster. The chairman, Mr. Butler Aspinall, K.C., appointed as Wreck Commissioner to conduct the Inquiry, is seen leaning forward at the table on the right. He is assisted by Vice-Admiral E. L. Booty (as assessor), Engineer-Lieut.-Commander W. M. Fletcher, Major S. H. Hambling, Captain H. P. Learmont, and Captain

F. J. Thompson. On the back wall are shown large diagrams of the "Vestris" and her four decks. At the time of the disaster, it may be recalled, she was bound from New York to Barbados, Rio de Janeiro, and Buenos Aires, with 140 passengers and a crew of 210, and sprang a leak in a storm. A vast amount of evidence has since been collected, and the inquiry is expected to last several weeks. The Board of Trade is represented by the Attorney-General, Sir Thomas Inskip, with Mr. W. N. Raeburn, K.C., and Mr. L. F. C. Darby.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE test of a man's culture and liberality is his attitude towards the things that never happened. The test of historians especially, and of their possession of the true historical spirit, is the depth of their absorption, and the vividness of their vision, of the things that never happened. It is the things that never happened which enlarge the mind. Nobody who understands them can be narrow. Some of the historians have never heard of what never happened. In their case the test has been decisive indeed.

By the things that never happened, I mean the things that nearly happened. I do not mean fables or romances or legends that are obviously legendary. I mean the things that might have been, but which for some reason could not be. I mean the *alternative* history of England or France or Rome. Now the provincial person, even when he is a provincial professor, lives in a prison of what really happened. He may be prodigiously learned about what really happened; but because of his dense and disgusting ignorance on the subject of what never happened, he is doomed always to be as limited as he is learned. Certain things having taken place, he cannot unthink them, or get behind them, or escape from them into the wider possibilities of the world. For instance, if he is an Englishman he is quite right to be an English patriot; for loyalty and affection naturally belong to the department of the thing that really exists. But the English professor is often much more than an English patriot. The English professor is an English prisoner; the walls of the national castle, when once it has been built, shut off from him altogether the wide plains of the world, in which other things might have been built.

Thus we hear a great deal of discussion for and against the Middle Ages. One fact, which is not especially for or against, must surely be obvious to anybody who knows anything at all about the Middle Ages. And that is that one of the things that nearly happened was a single, solid United Kingdom of Anglo-France. From the time when the first Norman soldier disembarked before Hastings, to the time when the last English soldier marched out of Calais, it appeared a perfectly natural thing to thousands of people that the two nations might be one nation. At this moment the two nations are rather less like one nation than any two nations of the world. Most English internationalists seem to interpret universal brotherhood as the duty of loving Humanity and hating France. I, not being an English internationalist (thank God) am very fond of France and the French. I am capable of loving foreigners; but I love the French as the most foreign of all foreigners. Of course, if I were a real internationalist, I should not be allowed to love any foreigners except Germans and Americans. But, anyhow, the sharp and abrupt difference between the English and the French is rather more obvious to those who really love the French than to those who only stupidly hate them.

But it amuses me a little to hear the internationalists eloquently explaining how now, for the first time, all nations are drawing near to each other; when I know that these two nations, at least, were twenty times nearer to each other six hundred years ago than they are now. The educated English all talked and thought in French almost down to the time of Agincourt; and even after Agincourt whole sections of the French supported the attempt of the English to unite the two crowns by conquest. The other

spirit was already in the field, and I doubt not it was the better spirit; the spirit of St. Joan that was like a flaming sword; the sword of an angel but a sword that smote asunder. I, for one, am national and rejoice that the nations were born. But a man is not merely national, but also narrow,

have made all sorts of extraordinary differences to the subsequent story of mankind; and heaven knows what would have happened to the Puritans and the French Revolution and the British Empire, and all sorts of things to which we pay such solemn respect merely because they have managed to happen. It is a good thing, every now and then, to turn from them and listen to the fascinating and thrilling story of the things that did not happen.

Of course one could give any number of other examples. But it is my whole point here to avoid hackneyed examples. I am dealing with the things the provincial person has not thought of. It is easy enough to ask what would have happened if Waterloo had gone the other way; it is easy to ask because it is idle to answer. It would not have made much difference if Waterloo had gone the other way. Napoleon had not enough forces, anyhow, to crush all that was now on the march against him. But it would be interesting to ask what would have happened if Wattignies had gone the other way. And that is why the ordinary Englishman who speculates about Waterloo has hardly ever heard of Wattignies.

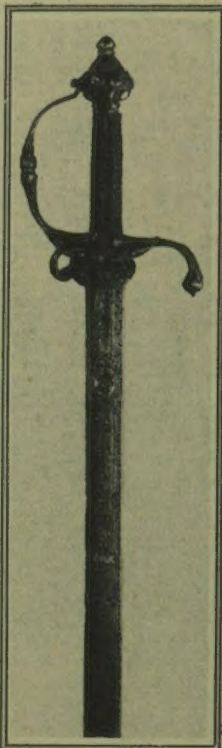
Now these speculations affect one aspect of a current controversy: the perpetual debate in the newspapers about Progress and Decadence or the Decline of the West. One class of popular writers are perpetually telling us that the world has always been growing better and better; others, rather less popular, that it has for some time been growing steadily worse. Personally, I cannot understand anybody thinking it has ever grown *steadily* anything. If

Humanism was an advance, I cannot see how Calvinism can have been an advance on that advance. If the crowds rushing to the Amphitheatre were rushing in the right direction, the hermits rushing to the desert cannot have been rushing in the same direction. But, anyhow, in this dispute, the disputants generally compare some old cause with some new cause, or some hypothetical good old times with some equally hypothetical good new times. But the general impression which history produces on my own mind is neither of these. In most cases, it seems to me, the right thing was not the thing that ruled and not the thing that rebelled, but a third thing that was never quite strong enough either to rebel or rule. The thing that haunts the historical imagination most, I think, is not Atlantis or Utopia, not the Golden Age or the New Jerusalem, not the Good Old Days or the Good Time Coming, but the gold that men missed or rejected and the good time that might have come.

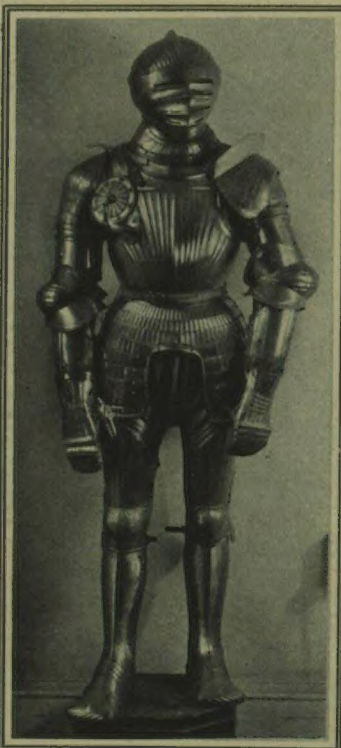
Whether or no the world is travelling towards the right goal, it seems to me to have almost invariably taken the wrong turning. Whether or no it is now rather nearer to it, I am sure it has come nearer by a vast needless détour, and missed any number of short cuts that were much nearer. I doubt if any thinking person, of any belief or unbelief, does not wish in his heart that the end of mediævalism had meant the triumph of the Humanists like Erasmus and More, rather than of the rabid Puritans like Calvin and Knox. Indeed, the name of Thomas More is not inappropriate here, for more reasons than one. It was he who invented the very word Utopia; and then, finding the changes he saw so different from the changes he desired, would not have the book translated into English. Utopia is not at the beginning of the world or the end of the world. Utopia has been something always near and never discovered.



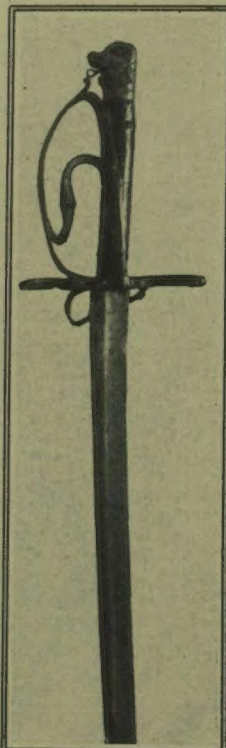
1. MADE AT MILAN ABOUT 1445: A FINE ITALIAN SALAD, OF BRIGHT STEEL.



2. WITH A CALENDAR ETCHED ON THE BLADE, AND "PINE-CONE" POMMEL: A GERMAN SWORD (C. 1580).



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4. MADE BY A MUNICH SWORD CUTLER: A GERMAN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY "HAND-AND-HALF" SWORD.

We illustrate here some of the finest items in the sale (to be held at Christie's on May 8) of the collection of Arms and Armour formed by the late Carl Claes, of Mühlhausen, Germany. Further details are—(2) Hilt of bright steel; the blade impressed upon the forte with the Königslopp mark. (1) Low keel-form crest pierced with holes for the retention of the head-lining, impressed with two Milanese armourer's marks. (4) Pommel in the form of a lion's head, original leather-bound grip, blade slightly curved, with false edge to two-thirds of its length developing into a double-cutting point. Bears an impress of the Munich sword cutler "Christop Stäntler"; probably made for the Venetian Republic. (3) Visored helmet, gorget plate, breast-plate with lance-rest, back plate, arm defences with mitten gauntlets, leg defences of fluted cuisses with knee-cops and large tendon-protectors."

Photographs by Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods.

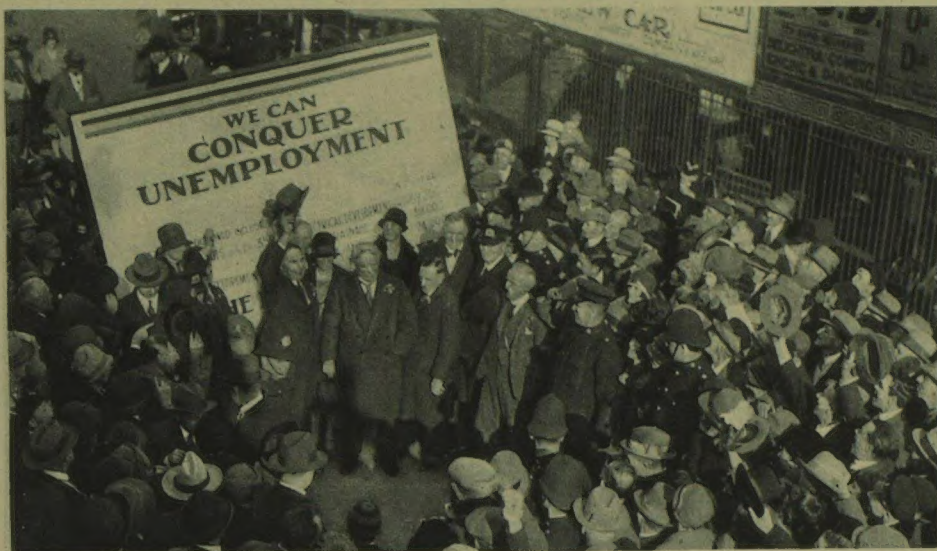
if he cannot realise that something larger and more imperial might have been born; a great Western State that would have been no more French than English, and no more English than French. It might



## THE GENERAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN BEGUN: THE PREMIER; "L.G."; HUSTINGS REVIVED.



THE PREMIER'S ARRIVAL FOR THE BIG CONSERVATIVE MEETING AT DRURY LANE: MR. BALDWIN ACCLAIMED BY A CHEERING CROWD AT THE DOORS.



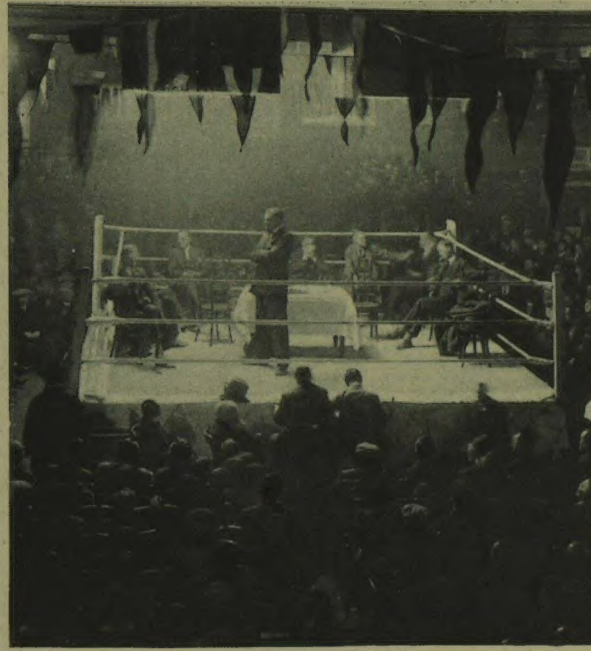
MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S ARRIVAL FOR HIS BIG LIBERAL MEETING AT PLYMOUTH: A SCENE OF ENTHUSIASM AT NORTH ROAD STATION.



"MR. LLOYD GEORGE HAS DESCRIBED THE LIBERAL PARTY AS THE PARTY OF PROMISE. I ACCEPT THAT, AND I AM NOT A COMPETITOR. WE ARE PERFORMERS": MR. BALDWIN SPEAKING IN DRURY LANE THEATRE.



"MR. BALDWIN SAID THE LIBERALS WERE A PARTY OF PROMISES. I NEVER SAID IT": MR. LLOYD GEORGE SPEAKING (BEFORE A MICROPHONE) IN THE DRILL HALL AT PLYMOUTH.



A BOXING RING AS "HUSTINGS" OF THE OLD TYPE: THREE RIVAL CANDIDATES FOR MILE END IN THE RING AT PREMIERLAND—COLONEL DODGE (U.) SPEAKING.

The General Election struggle began in good earnest a week or so ago, and is now in full swing. On April 18 the Prime Minister opened the Conservative campaign by addressing a great meeting in Drury Lane Theatre, and began with the words quoted above. The seated figures in the front row, from left to right, are—Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Churchill, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Lady Iveagh, M.P., Lord Lucan (Chief Government Whip in the House of Lords), Commander Eyres Monsell (Chief Government Whip in the House of Commons), and (to right of Mr. Baldwin) Mr. J. C. C. Davidson (Chairman of the Party Organisation), Mr. Gwilym Rowlands,

Lord Eustace Percy, Lord Hailsham, and Sir Samuel Hoare. On April 19 Mr. Lloyd George addressed two large audiences at Plymouth. The first speech, in the Drill Hall, was relayed by land lines to several towns in the West; the second, at the Corn Exchange, formed the fourth of the series of addresses by political leaders broadcast throughout the country by the B.B.C. The old "hustings" type of political meeting is being revived in various constituencies, and the first took place, on April 17, at Premierland, Mile End, where the boxing-ring was used. Within the ropes were all three Mile End candidates—Mr. John Scurr, M.P. (the Labour Member), Colonel Dodge (Conservative), and Mr. Solomon Teff (Liberal).



# MASTERPIECES HIDDEN BENEATH "LATER WORK": REMARKABLE

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY

It often happens that when an old picture is subjected to expert cleaning and restoration, the process reveals the existence of a still older work underneath. In former times, apparently, such "over-painting" was quite common. Perhaps the owner no longer cared for the subject of a picture in his possession, and wanted something more interesting to himself, such as a portrait of his wife. Possibly artist's materials were expensive. The above two instances occurred in Germany. The picture shown in Nos. 1, 2, and 3 was acquired from a Berlin collector by Mr. Karl Luckl, who removed the over-painting at the suggestion of the late Dr. Wilhelm von Bode, the famous Director of the Berlin Museum. The other picture (seen in Nos. 4 and 5), which is in the Ehrhardt Gallery at Berlin, was also restored by Mr. Luckl, with equally remarkable results. "These two extraordinarily interesting examples of the possibilities dormant in many old pictures," writes an art critic, "are at once a compliment to the professional restorer and a warning to the amateur collector. So many fine paintings have been ruined by too drastic cleaning; and once serious damage has been done, a satisfactory

(Continued opposite.



1. BEFORE REMOVAL OF THE OVER-PAINTING: "JOHN, THE EVANGELIST," A PICTURE IN THE MANNER OF CARLO DOLCI (1616-1666) WHICH WAS IN THE POSSESSION OF A BERLIN COLLECTOR.

*Continued.*  
repair is almost impossible. The danger lies not so much in the nature of the solvents used by the cleaner (as a rule, methylated spirits or turpentine is employed, at any rate for the preliminaries) as in any lack of experience, or a faulty sense of touch, on the part of the restorer. Consider the difficulty, once it has been decided to run the risk of removing over-paint. The paint of 1650, perhaps, is directly over the paint of only fifty years previous. The solvent necessary to remove the 1650 paint may, or may not, be strong enough to remove the 1600 paint as well. If the operator is clumsy, or lacks that indefinable feeling for the quality of pigment which seems to be innate in the competent restorer, he has probably not only removed this 1600 paint, but even taken away the "ground" of the original picture he is trying to rescue from the tinkering of a later artist. Any damage done will have to be laboriously built up again, and the picture will eventually be covered with flecks of restoration, which, though they will give some semblance of what once existed, cannot possibly be a satisfactory substitute for the vigour and life of the original work."



2. AN INTERESTING STAGE IN THE REMOVAL OF THE OVER-PAINTING FROM "JOHN, THE EVANGELIST": THE SAME PICTURE (AS SEEN IN NO. 1) AFTER IT HAD PASSED INTO THE POSSESSION OF MR. KARL LUCKL.



3. WITH THE OVER-PAINTING OF "JOHN, THE EVANGELIST" COMPLETELY REMOVED: THE PICTURE REVEALED BENEATH—A FINE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN BY THE RENAISSANCE MASTER ALESSANDRO ALLORI, KNOWN AS BRONZINO (1553-1607).

# DISCOVERIES MADE BY THE REMOVAL OF "OVER-PAINTING."

THE BERLIN PRESS AGENCY.



4. BEFORE THE REMOVAL OF OVER-PAINTING: A PICTURE IN THE EHRHARDT GALLERY AT BERLIN, ASCRIBED TO ANDREA MELDOLLA, KNOWN AS SCHIAVONE, A PUPIL OF TITIAN (ABOUT 1524-32), AS IT APPEARED AT THE HOLFORD SALE IN 1927, WITH THE MIDDLE FIGURE LOOKING TO THE RIGHT AND THE MEN WEARING COLOURED CLOTHES.



5. AFTER THE REMOVAL OF OVER-PAINTING: THE SAME PICTURE (AS IN NO. 4) AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY, SHOWING THE MIDDLE FIGURE LOOKING TO THE LEFT, THE MEN DRESSED IN BLACK AFTER THE SPANISH STYLE, AND MORE REFINED EXECUTION—NOW GENERALLY REGARDED BY EXPERTS AS THE WORK OF EL GRECO.





# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## SOME REMARKABLE NESTS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I HAVE just been watching a pair of wood-pigeons at their task of nest-building. It was not my good fortune to see the foundations laid, but the work was not far advanced. The female was sitting on the frail platform so far constructed, patiently awaiting her mate, upon whom the duty of providing the material evidently rested. As the twigs were brought to her, she, still sitting, arranged them round her. But to take them from him in her beak, he had to stand upon her back, there being no space in the fork of the tree selected—a plane—for the site of the nursery.

In his hunting for sticks, some, a very few, were taken from the ground, but most were wrenched off from the ends of the branch of the tree itself. Live twigs necessitated a determined wrench, or sometimes a more prolonged effort, but the dead ones broke off easily. No attempt was made to recover any which were dropped. Interesting as it was to watch them, I regret that I could not keep them under observation till the nursery was completed. Naturally, this episode started a train of thoughts on nests in general, and on birds in particular. When did birds first begin to build nests, and of what sort were they?

Probably the first birds—Archæopteryx, and its congeners—laid their eggs on the crowns of dead tree-ferns, for at that remote Jurassic Age the only trees were "cycads," conifers like yews; "ginkoes," or maiden-hair trees; and tree-ferns of giant proportions, as well as ferns like our "royal-fern" (*Osmunda*), hart's-tongues, and so on. No nests would be necessary here, and probably these first began when birds, to avoid competition, had to spread from the forests into open country, and had to lay their eggs on the ground. "Necessity is the mother of invention." Probably the pioneers of the ground-nesting birds soon discovered that they could keep themselves, and their young, off the damp ground by laying the eggs upon a platform of sticks or small stones. And thus it came about that when, to escape the raids of terrestrial enemies, a return to the trees became necessary, they had a means of disposing of their eggs ready to hand.

But why have some birds taken to building such elaborate and often extraordinarily beautiful nests—such, for example, as those of our long-tailed tit and the gold-crested wren—while the wood-pigeon, crows and rooks, and herons are still content with a rough platform of sticks? What brought about that singular usage of the ducks of lining their nests so liberally with down plucked from their own bodies, just as rabbits pluck out their fur for the same purpose? What agencies started the burrowing habit, and this,



FIG. 1. TUBULAR, LIKE THAT OF SALVIN'S SWIFT, BUT HAVING AN OPEN EGG-CHAMBER AT THE TOP: THE PENDENT NEST OF THE BRAZILIAN HUMMING-BIRD.

A Brazilian humming-bird (*Phæthornis*) builds a pendent nest resembling, superficially, that of Salvin's swift, but differing in that the eggs are exposed as in ordinary nests. The tubular appendage may serve to disguise the nest by causing it to blend with its surroundings, such as trailing creepers. It is formed of cotton-down and spiders' webs.

In the Indo-Malayan countries to Australia. This bird breeds in great colonies, in caves, and its nest is a small, saucer-shaped structure made entirely of saliva which, as it is expelled from the mouth, hardens into a substance suggesting rubber, and translucent. Such nests, affixed to the wall of the cave, often closely massed, as in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 4), are eagerly sought for the purpose of converting into bird's-nest soup by the Chinese. But some are less pure, being mixed with debris, either because the power of secretion in some individuals is limited, or because it has been exhausted by having to build a second nest.

The crested swift (*Macropteryx*) seems to be inherently unable to produce more than a very limited supply of this saliva, and hence is constrained to build what is the smallest nest of any living bird. It is composed of small flakes of bark mixed with saliva, and is attached to the side of the branch of a tree as shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 2). Its capacity is limited to a single egg, and the bird when sitting has to rest on the bough while incubating. A half-crown cut in half would cover the cavity of this most singular nursery—and the bird is nine-and-a-half inches long! Needless to say, while she is sitting the nest is invisible.

Another species, Salvin's swift (*Panyptila*), builds after a totally different fashion, using saliva chiefly to attach the foundations of the nest. It then proceeds to construct an enormous pendent tube of interwoven seeds, caught, it is believed, as they float in mid-air. The colour and texture of this nest is sponge-like. The

length of the tube shown here (Fig. 3) is twenty-seven inches, and it is enlarged at the top to form a chamber for the eggs. About half-way up, on one side, is an apparent opening, but this is really a blind pocket, placed there, apparently, to deceive would-be and unwanted visitors. Tubular and pendent nests, though of very different materials, are built by many other birds, and always, it would seem, to protect their eggs from the raids of snakes.

The humming-birds, which are very near relations of the swifts, are also remarkable for their skill as nest-builders, and for the surprising range of their architecture. I can do no more, however, than cite one illustration (Fig. 1). This is the nest of a Brazilian humming-bird (*Phæthornis*). Superficially it recalls the nest of Salvin's swift, but it differs in one important particular—the nest-cavity is open at the top. The long appendix to this cunningly woven nursery has yet to be explained. Perchance it may serve to conceal the nest by making it look like a piece of the trailing creepers such as grow in moisture-laden forests. There are few groups of birds which show quite such a diversity of architecture as the swifts and humming-birds, and their interest is increased a hundred-fold when we compare them with the rough-and-ready platforms of sticks which serve the need of crows and herons.

Our swallow, just referred to, is one of these. In the swifts, however—which are in no way related to the swallows, but to the nightjars—this power of secreting enormous quantities of saliva has attained to its maximum. Only one species, however, has attained to the high-water mark. This is the "edible swift" (*Collocalia fuciphaga*), ranging from the Indo-Malayan countries to Australia. This bird breeds in great colonies, in caves, and its nest is a small, saucer-shaped structure made entirely of saliva which, as it is expelled from the mouth, hardens into a substance suggesting rubber, and translucent. Such nests, affixed to the wall of the cave, often closely massed, as in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 4), are eagerly sought for the purpose of converting into bird's-nest soup by the Chinese. But some are less pure, being mixed with debris, either because the power of secretion in some individuals is limited, or because it has been exhausted by having to build a second nest.

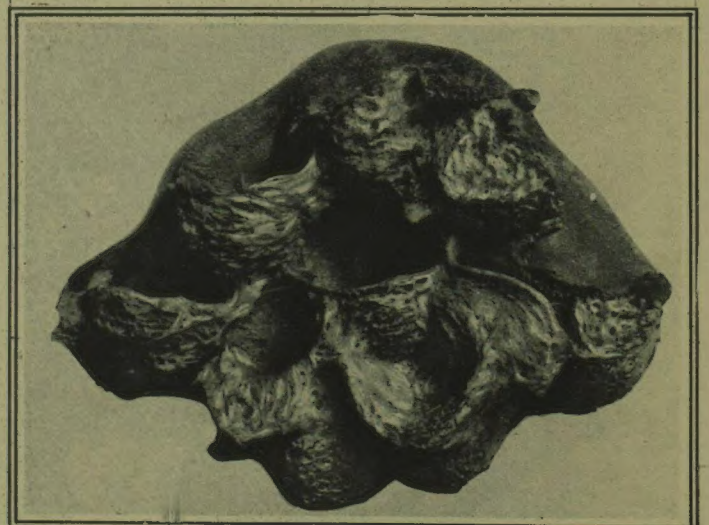


FIG. 4. MADE INTO SOUP BY THE CHINESE! NESTS OF THE SO-CALLED "EDIBLE SWIFT," FORMED OF HARDENED SALIVA—A CLOSELY MASSED GROUP.

The nest of the "edible swift"—a misnomer, since the bird is not eaten—is the only bird's-nest that is, or can be, used for human food. It is composed, exceptions apart, entirely of hardened saliva, a material also used by birds which build nests of mud, like the swallow. Though very tiny, these edible nests are large enough to contain two eggs. About three and a-half million are exported every year from Borneo to China, for soup!



FIG. 3. WITH A BLIND POCKET (A) TO DECEIVE INTRUDERS: THE BIG PENDENT TUBULAR NEST (27 IN. LONG) OF A SALVIN'S SWIFT, MADE OF SEEDS AND SALIVA, WITH A CLOSED EGG-CHAMBER AT THE TOP, AND ATTACHED BY SALIVA TO THE UNDER-SIDE OF A LEDGE.

Salvin's swift, of Guatemala, builds a relatively enormous, tubular nest, attached by saliva to the under-side of a ledge of rock on the face of a cliff. It is composed entirely of seeds, held together by saliva, which dries on exposure to the air. The entrance to the nest is through a hole at the bottom of the tube, the actual nursery being placed at the top. On one side a false, or blind, entrance (A) is made, apparently to deceive snakes.



FIG. 2. "THE SMALLEST NEST OF ANY LIVING BIRD" (ONLY 1½ IN. ACROSS)—THAT OF THE CROWNED (OR CRESTED) SWIFT: A SALIVA-BUILT SEMI-CIRCULAR STRUCTURE ATTACHED TO A BOUGH—SHOWING THE BUILDER PERCHED BESIDE IT.

The crowned tree-swift, or Indian tree-swift, builds a nest of flakes of bark, held together by saliva, and measuring no more than an inch and a half at its widest diameter. It is only just large enough to contain one egg, which the bird incubates by sitting across the bough to which it is attached, and covering the egg with the hinder portion of her body.



## DISASTERS AND RELIEF WORK: AIR AMBULANCES; DRAMATIC FIRST-AID CONTESTS.



**TORNADO HAVOC ON AN AMERICAN FARM: AN AIR VIEW AT FOREST LAKE, MINN.—SHOWING DEAD CATTLE IN FOREGROUND.**

Ten people were killed and over a hundred injured in a tornado, or "twister," that lately swept a path half-a-mile wide across the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin, U.S.A. It also destroyed livestock valued at 20,000 dols. This air view shows the farm of Emil Pollreis, at Forest Lake, Minn., after the disaster. A still worse tornado visited north-east Arkansas on April 10.



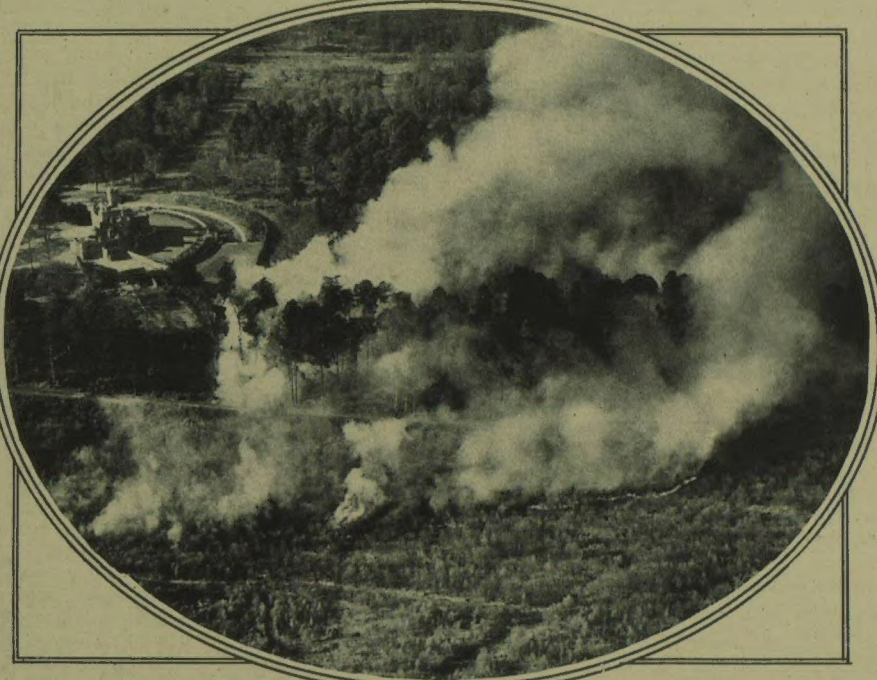
**THE WRECK OF THE PARIS-AMSTERDAM EXPRESS NEAR BRUSSELS: CROWDS WATCH THE CLEARING OF THE LINE.**

At 6.30 a.m. on April 17, during a dense fog, an express from Paris to Amsterdam collided with a goods train at the entrance to Hal station, near Brussels. Ten people were killed, including eight Belgian postal clerks in mail coaches of the express, a brakeman, and the guard. Another postal clerk died later. Some fourteen people were seriously injured.



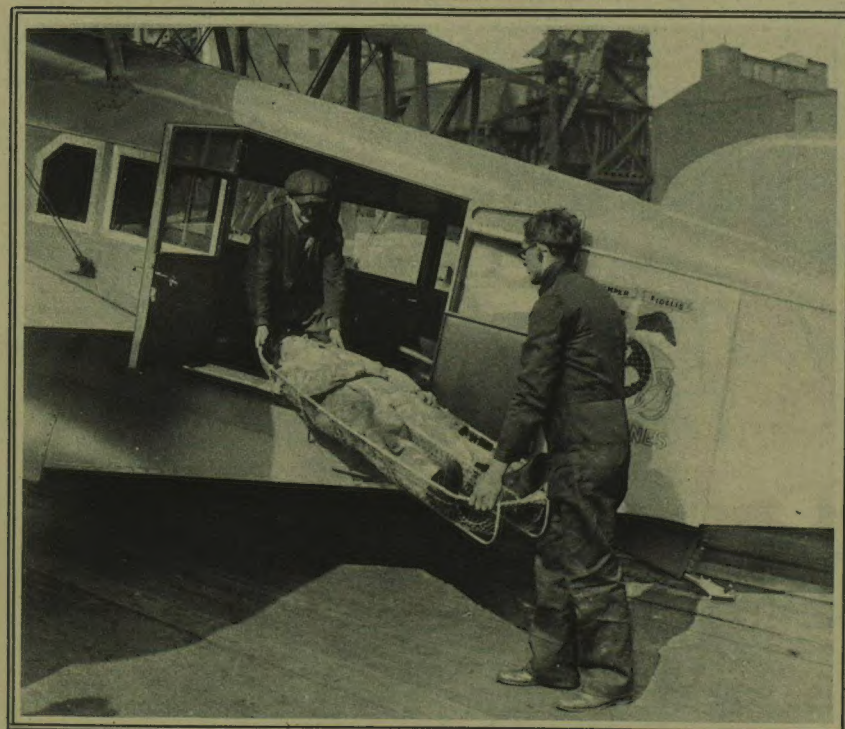
**A GREAT FIRE AT AMSTERDAM: THE BURNING OF THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY, HOLLAND'S LARGEST EXHIBITION HALL.**

The Paleis voor Volksvylt (Palace of Industry) at Amsterdam, the largest exhibition hall in Holland, was totally destroyed by fire recently. The building, which was 190 ft. high, contained also a theatre and several cafés. It was erected in 1864. An exhibition of economic history is to be held in Amsterdam this summer.



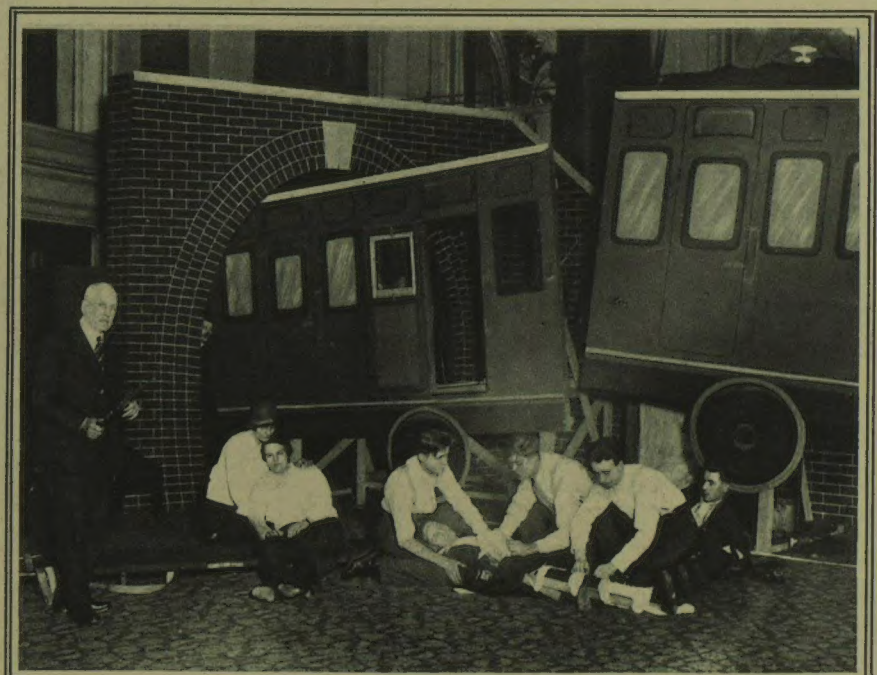
**A GREAT HEATH FIRE AT VIRGINIA WATER, NEAR WINDSOR, SEEN FROM THE AIR: A VIEW SHOWING FORT BELVEDERE.**

A big heath fire occurred at Virginia Water, near Windsor Great Park, on April 19. The flames spread for two miles, covering an area of about 100 acres. At one time the fire came within twenty feet of Brigadier-General Crogan's house, Silverdene, on the Wentworth estate, and was brought under control only just in time to save the building from destruction. A second outbreak was extinguished.



**A NEW TYPE OF AMPHIBIAN AMBULANCE AEROPLANE ADOPTED BY THE U.S. MARINE CORPS: A STRETCHER DEMONSTRATION.**

The United States Marine Corps recently received the first of a series of Loening amphibians to be used as ambulance aeroplanes. The first flight in it was made from New York to Washington, by Major E. H. Brainard, head of the Aviation section of the Corps. The machine contains first-aid equipment and will accommodate two stretchers. The method of taking in a stretcher case is here seen being demonstrated.



**A DRAMATIC SETTING FOR AN AMBULANCE COMPETITION: FIRST-AID TESTS BEFORE A SCENIC BACKGROUND OF A RAILWAY TUNNEL ACCIDENT.**

In the Southern Railway Ambulance competitions, held the other day at the Cannon Street Hotel, a realistic setting was provided, in the form of a background representing a railway accident at the entrance of a tunnel. This device was calculated to inspire the competitors with the urgency of their efforts, and to reproduce something of the conditions in which they might have to work in an actual disaster. On the left is seen Major J. Orton, who acted as judge.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

CERTAIN of the books down for treatment this week suggest the reflection that what we call politics is really an amalgam of all sorts of things—religion, morals, social and racial ideals, personal ambitions, literary influences, and so on. One of these books is the English version of the ex-Kaiser's recent historical study, "MY ANCESTORS." By Wilhelm II. Translated by W. W. Zambra. With Portrait (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.). I don't suppose many English readers will have read it in the original German, though they may have seen extracts from it in reviews. Those who look for any piquant revelations about the war, or Bismarck, or the Empress Frederick, will be disappointed. The Kaiser refers to his parents with affection, and, although he mentions "paternal thunderstorms," finishes up with a glowing tribute to his father. The title, of course, precludes any account of his own reign, yet there are a few incidental passages touching on the war years,

eat my pudding, and held my tongue' when they met one night (at dinner). With his brother, James Keith, the Field-Marshal, he was less distant; and spent an evening at supper at Lord Galloway's, another of the clique, drinking punch with Keith and his Livonian mistress till two in the morning."

Sir Charles's opinion of the great Frederick himself differs slightly from the Kaiser's ancestor-worship or the hero-worship of Carlyle. Some of his remarks, indeed, according to his biographers, are "sufficiently outspoken as to be partly unpublishable." "Now for a little (he writes in a letter) about the completest Tyrant that God ever sent for a scourge to an offending people. I had rather be a post-horse, with Sir J. Hind-Cotton on my back, than his First Minister, or his brother, or his wife. He has abolished all distinctions. There is nothing here but an absolute Prince and a People, all equally miserable, all equally trembling before him, and all equally detesting his iron government. . . . The Prince of Prussia dares not go out of Berlin one mile without his Tyrant's leave, nor miss supping every night with his Mamma."

Among other notable passages in the book is a vivid description by Sir Charles of the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, which he witnessed. Very interesting, too, is the record, in letters, of his attachment to the Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia (afterwards Catherine the Great), of whom he speaks as "my best friend." She on her part wrote, in 1756: "What do I not owe to the providence which sent you here, like a guardian angel, to unite me with you in ties of friendship? If one day I wear the crown, I shall partially owe it to your counsels." She even communicated to him her plan of action to secure the succession in the event of the Empress Elizabeth's death. His biographers point out that he was never in love with Catherine, though "he was astounded at her superiority over the remainder of her sex," and "revelled in the light of her countenance."

Our own monarchy as part of the Constitution, combined with a good deal of royal *personalia*, has inspired "THE ENGLISH KING." By Michael MacDonagh (Benn; 10s. 6d.). "There is no book," the author says, "that purposes to describe with an aim of completeness this venerable human institution, living, active, effective, in all its ramifications, as it exists and works to-day. That is a want which I have tried to supply. The predominant idea . . . is to bring out what may be called the democratisation of the Monarchy." Mr. MacDonagh, whose previous books on the working of Parliament have shown his fitness for such a task, has carried out his plan admirably, in a volume both informative and entertaining. The seven parts into which it is divided deal severally with the Office of King, the Royal Family, Marriages in the Royal Family, the Republican Movement in England—its rise and fall—the Sovereign and Parliament, Government and Administration, and social life in the royal circle.

Both Wilhelm II. and his most eminent ancestor may be seen in historical perspective in "GREAT SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF THE WORLD." Chosen from the Literatures of the Ancient and Modern World by Barrett H. Clark (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)—a volume uniform with "Great Short Stories of the World" and "Great Short Novels of the World." Here we have a collection of some fifty masterpieces in the biographical art, models of writing and a veritable treasure-house of interest. The two items now in question are Emil Ludwig's study of Bismarck, from "Genius and Character," and Macaulay's essay on Frederick the Great. Herr Ludwig shows that, while the German dynastic system collapsed through the war, the structure of the State has held firm. "The documents which two humble citizens were called upon to sign (at Versailles in 1919) did not involve the destruction of Bismarck's work, but only of the work of William the Second."

Contrast now with the Kaiser's panegyric on Frederick the Great the portrait drawn by Macaulay. When the crown came to him, leading an easy epicurean life at Rheinsberg—"nobody had the least suspicion that a tyrant of extraordinary military and political talents, of industry more extraordinary still, without fear, without faith, and without mercy, had ascended the throne. The disappointment of Falstaff at his old boon-companion's coronation was not more bitter than that which awaited some of the inmates of Rheinsberg."

The inclusion of Léon Gozlan's memoir of Balzac in Mr. Clark's collection provides me with a stepping-stone to a biography of another great French novelist—"THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS." By H. A. Spurr. A new edition. With line and half-tone illustrations (Dent; 7s. 6d.). Originally published at the centenary of Dumas' birth, this welcome reprint marks another centenary, that of the production of "Henry III. and His Court" at the Comédie Française, which made Dumas a celebrity "in a single night." The late Mr. Spurr's book, obviously the work of an enthusiast, gives the main facts of his hero's amazing career, along with a valuable bibliography. It helps one to realise why Dumas is more read among us than any other foreign novelist—because his romances express the English ideals of courage, chivalry, humanity, and adventure.

Mr. Spurr's acknowledgment of assistance received from Mr. Robert Garnett, whom Mr. E. V. Lucas has called "our first authority on the French novelist," recalls the fact that extracts from a hitherto unknown work by Dumas, "The Story of My Yacht," the manuscript of which was discovered by Mr. Garnett, are now appearing serially, in his translation, in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Dumas, it seems, wrote the story as the opening part of his book "Les Garibaldiens, Révolution de Sicile et de Naples" (1861), wherein he proved himself an early—if not the first—war-correspondent; but his admiration for Garibaldi, when they met, led him to suppress his own adventures. Mr. Garnett's translation of the complete work, in its original form, I hear, is to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Benn.

I might add that Mr. Robert Garnett is a son of the late Dr. Richard of that ilk, long famous as "Keeper of the Printed Books," of whom there are interesting reminiscences in a work by one of his successors—"THE READING-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM." By G. F. Barwick. Illustrated (Benn; 10s. 6d.). I notice that the author says in his preface: "For two of the illustrations I am indebted to that mine of pictorial wealth, *The Illustrated London News*." Having once produced a modest description of the Reading-Room myself (it appeared, I think, in the *Teacher's World*), I have found Mr. Barwick's entertaining book particularly congenial.

His handsome compliment just quoted reminds me of another matter in which *The Illustrated London News* has lately been cited—this time a literary and not a pictorial affair. In drawing our attention to the remarkable success of Miss Henry Handel Richardson's novel, "Ultima Thule" (unexpected because her previous books had not caught the popular fancy), the publishers, Messrs. Heinemann, recall that this journal was among the first to recognise her quality. A review of her first novel, "Maurice Guest," a tragedy of musical life in Leipzig, appeared in our issue of March 13, 1909. But neither that book, though prized by the elect, nor its successors, "The Getting of Wisdom" and "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony" (a trilogy



BERLIN'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO PROFESSOR EINSTEIN FOUND TO BELONG TO SOMEONE ELSE! THE "GIFT" HOUSE NEAR POTSDAM.

On the occasion of Professor Einstein's fiftieth birthday, on March 14, the Municipality of Berlin presented him with the life tenancy of this small country house at Neu-Kladow, near Potsdam. It recently transpired, however, that the existing owner's tenancy agreement still holds good for another five years. It is reported that Professor Einstein was then offered a choice of several neighbouring sites, without houses on them, and that he has chosen one where he will have to build a house himself.

including digs at "Professor Wilson" and the Americans, and at Francis Joseph, who, he says, should have made Hungary his principal State, instead of Austria, and transferred his capital to Budapest.

What is more typical of the author's mentality, however, is the mixture of religious ideas with theories of government, and a constant suggestion of that divine support of which we heard so much during the war. All through the book runs the notion expressed in the preface: "Owing to their deeply rooted inward religious fervour, they (the Hohenzollerns) all regarded themselves as being responsible to God for their actions and achievements, as the Elector Frederick I. expressed it, 'As the simple bailiffs of God in the performance of His work.'"

Literary influences in politics are exemplified by the association between Voltaire and Frederick the Great, whose character, if not exactly "whitewashed" by his descendant, is presented with discreet omissions. "Voltaire and French thought," we read, "could not do any harm to Frederick himself. . . . But they influenced the opinions, feelings, mental attitudes, and customs of his people in such a way that Prussia . . . was catastrophically endangered. . . . The sorrowful outcome was Jena." By way of contrast, the Kaiser continues: "Strangely enough, another of Frederick's friendships has been almost entirely overlooked by history. . . . I mean the genuine friendship which bound the great King to the Scottish Earl Marischal Keith and his brother the Field-Marshal. It has only really become known to the nation quite recently through the splendidly acted scenes between Keith and the King in the film 'Der alte Fritz' ('Old Fritz')."

Some rather "catastrophic" comments on "old Fritz" and his friendships, by a contemporary well acquainted with him and his Court, occur in a delightful biography, redolent of eighteenth-century candour and written with authentic inside knowledge of political Europe at that period. I refer to "THE LIFE OF SIR CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS." Poet, Wit, and Diplomatist. By the Earl of Ilchester and Mrs. Langford-Brooke. Illustrated (Thornton Butterworth; 21s.). Sir Charles was Ambassador at Berlin when "Mr. Voltaire, the French poet, arrived at Potsdam from Paris." Frederick had promised to bear the expenses of his journey. "But Mr. Voltaire, not caring to trust the King of Prussia, would not leave Paris till his Prussian Majesty had sent him a bill of exchange."

Frederick's Scottish friend figures in a rather different aspect. "The Jacobite colony in Berlin at this time (1750) became a complication in Sir Charles's life. He had been specially warned by Newcastle to avoid George Keith, the Earl Marischal, and therefore received advances from him with great coldness, and 'put on a sullen dignity and



AN INCIDENT OF THE VISIT OF LONDON POLICE TO PARIS: THE UNVEILING OF A STATUE REPRESENTING THE DISCOBOLUS (DISC-THROWER) AT THE SPORTS GROUND OF THE PARIS POLICE.

The Athletic Association of the Metropolitan Police recently visited Paris, where they laid wreaths on the tombs of Marshal Foch and the Unknown Soldier. They played a "Rugger" match with the Paris Police, who won, and took part in a boxing contest. Receptions were held at the Hôtel de Ville and the Prefecture of Police. The visitors also attended the unveiling of the statue shown above. It was the gift of Mme. Chiappe, wife of the Paris Prefect of Police.

including "The Way Home"), could ever be called best-sellers. Now, "twenty years after," she has suddenly sprung into popularity, and that, apparently, without even the stimulus of a Prime Minister's encomium. Miss Richardson, I am told, was a schoolfellow of Melba in Australia, and studied music at Leipzig, but eventually abandoned the piano for the pen. The title, "Ultima Thule," by the way, as the name of a novel, seems vaguely familiar from a bygone age.

C. E. B.



## REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES IN A CATACOMB AT ROME: INTACT CHRISTIAN GRAVES MARKED WITH CURIOUS TOKENS.



1. TOKENS MARKING A CHRISTIAN GRAVE IN THE CATACOMB OF PAMPHILUS: AN IVORY RELIEF OF A WARRIOR ON HORSEBACK; AND TWO BUTTONS, OF GLASS AND BONE RESPECTIVELY.

Dr. Thomas Ashby, whose article on recent archaeological discoveries in Italy (other than those in Rome) appears on the succeeding page, writes regarding the above photographs: "In 'The Illustrated London News' for January 19, Professor Halbherr has given an account of what has been done in the city of Rome during the past year owing to the activity of the Fascist administration. Besides all these Governmental excavations, the Papal commission for Christian archaeology has been by no means idle, and the last few years have witnessed the discovery and exploration of the Catacomb of Pamphilus on the Via Solaria Vetus,

[Continued in Box 2.]



2. SHOWING INTACT CHRISTIAN GRAVES, CLOSED WITH TILES, AND THE MORTAR ROUND THEM LOOKING AS FRESH AS WHEN IT WAS LAID: A STAIRWAY IN THE CATACOMB OF PAMPHILUS.



3. AN IVORY FIGURE OF A SMALL BOY IN A PERSIAN CAP HOLDING A COCK IN HIS ARMS: A TOKEN MARKING A CHRISTIAN GRAVE IN THE CATACOMB OF PAMPHILUS.

situated under a new and fashionable residential quarter on the north side of the city. Parts of it had been visited in the sixteenth century, but it had fallen into complete oblivion, and it was only rediscovered a short while ago, in digging a deep foundation shaft. The workmen kept their knowledge to themselves, and rifled the tombs to their hearts' content; but one day, when they were on strike, the authorities descended the shaft, and found that, while a good deal of damage had been done, a number

[Continued below.]



4. SHOWING THE CONSTANTINIAN MONOGRAM OF CHRIST (EXTREME RIGHT) OVER AN ARCHED NICHE FOR A ROCK-HEWN SARCOPHAGUS: A SMALL CHAMBER DECORATED WITH PAINTINGS, WHERE MORE IMPORTANT MEMBERS OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY WERE BURIED.

[Continued.]

of galleries still remained where the tombs were as yet unopened—an almost unique piece of good fortune. Our view (Fig. 2) gives an idea of one of the stairways descending from one level of the catacomb to another, with the graves still intact, and the tiles with which they were closed in position—the mortar round them looking as fresh as on the day it was laid. These were the graves of the poorer Christians, and they were often marked with tokens, instead of inscribed marble slabs—a fragment of an ivory relief with a warrior on horseback,

and two buttons, one of glass, the other of bone (Fig. 1); an ivory figure of a small boy with a Persian cap, holding a cock in his arms (Fig. 3). A coin, a glass cup, and other such objects are also used. More important members of the community were buried in sarcophagi hewn in the rock, placed in arched niches disposed round a small chamber—in this instance decorated with paintings, among which the Constantinian monogram of Christ may be distinguished on the extreme right (Fig. 4).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE COMMISSIONE DI ARCHEOLOGIA SACRA. SUPPLIED BY DR. THOMAS ASHBY, F.S.A., FORMERLY DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ROME.



## NEW TREASURES FROM ITALY'S CLASSIC SOIL:

### OUTSTANDING RESULTS OF RECENT ARCHAEOLOGICAL RESEARCH IN THE ITALIAN PROVINCES.

By DR. THOMAS ASHBY, F.S.A., formerly Director of the British School at Rome.

Author of "The Aqueducts of Ancient Rome," "The Roman Campagna in Classical Times," etc. (See Illustrations opposite and on page 705.)

In the following article, Dr. Thomas Ashby deals with recent archaeological discoveries in various parts of Italy, other than those made in Rome itself through the activity of the Fascist Government, which, as he mentions on the preceding page, were covered by Professor Halbherr's illustrated article in our issue of Jan. 19. "For the photographs (writes Dr. Ashby), most of which have appeared in the official 'Notizie degli Scavi,' I am indebted to the R. Istituto di Archeologia e Storia d'Arte." Dr. Ashby's references to illustrations are numbered to correspond with the photographs on this and the opposite page.

WORK continues on a considerable scale at Ostia, the port of Rome, where the theatre has recently been restored to enable classical performances to be given. The Forum, the centre of the ancient city, has now been completely cleared. The temple which has always towered above the other ruins on the site, and had generally been called the Temple of Vulcan, has now been identified, with almost absolute certainty, with the Temple of the Capitoline Triad, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. Such a Capitulum, after the model of that of Rome, was indispensable to every Roman colony. It faced upon the area of the Forum, at the other end of which was another temple dedicated to Rome and Augustus.



FIG. 1. THE ROMAN ROAD (FORMED OF LAVA SLABS) UP THE ALBAN MOUNT: PART OF THE NEW SECTION RECENTLY EXCAVATED, SHOWING THE ANCIENT EDGING AT THE SIDES OF THE ROAD WELL PRESERVED.

[The excavations at Ostia in recent years, it may be noted here, have from time to time been fully described and illustrated in our pages, and the latest results will be similarly treated in a forthcoming issue in the near future.]

As one looks southward from Rome, the highest point which strikes the eye is the Alban Mount (Monte Cavo), the summit of the Alban Hills. It was crowned in ancient days by the Temple of Jupiter Latiaris, which was the federal sanctuary of the Latin League. This sanctuary was reached by a paved road, which ascended from the south, and not from the north, as the modern path from Rocca di Papa does. The last part of this road is familiar to all who have walked up the mountain; but a considerable portion more (perhaps a mile) has been uncovered, as our illustration shows (Fig. 1). As seen in this photograph, the edging of the ancient road is well preserved on each side. It is from 8 to 10 feet wide, the standard width of a Roman highway on level ground being about 14 or 15 feet.

The last of the Stuarts, Henry, Cardinal York, has often had to bear the reproach of having destroyed the well-preserved remains of the temple on the Alban Mount; but it does not appear that there was as much left for him to destroy as is generally thought; and, indeed, a drawing of a century before his time shows that at the top of the mountain there was a large walled enclosure, with a comparatively small sanctuary within it—a *temenos*, as the Greeks called it. And this was the case with several other sanctuaries of Latium—the temple itself was a comparatively small building.

On the "Great North Road" of ancient Rome, the Via Flaminia, an interesting tomb has been discovered a few miles out of the city. It is cut in the

rock, and decorated with paintings: those of the *arcosolia*, as they are called—niches, that is, below which sarcophagi were hewn in the solid rock—are the best preserved: one (Fig. 4, opposite page) shows a vase full of flowers at the back standing in a flowery meadow, towards which fly two genii, while the other (Fig. 5) has two peacocks, with a basket of flowers between them, who are pecking at a garland which hangs between them. The paintings, which probably belong to the end of the second century after Christ, find parallels in the tomb of the Nasonii, on the same road, and in some of the earlier decorations of the catacombs.

From the neighbourhood of Rome we may turn to a general survey of Italy, beginning with the north. At Aquileia, near the coast of the Gulf of Trieste, in low-lying ground, in numerous cases the mosaic pavements of a house are well preserved where its walls have long ago perished; and the illustration (Fig. 6) shows a new example of a well-preserved coloured mosaic, of complicated pattern and excellent effect.

At Pola, in Istria, before and during the war the chief naval harbour of Austria,

the Temple of Rome and Augustus has been cleared and restored, and its steps reconstructed (Fig. 9). It was dedicated, as the

inscription on the frieze of the front shows (the holes for the bronze letters may still be seen), between 2 and 14 A.D. In the course of the work it was found that this temple and its twin (called the Temple of Diana, though its real name is unknown) had been erected upon an older foundation, perhaps the base of a great altar. The temple, with the enclosure round it, serves as a museum,

containing a number of sculptural and architectural fragments.

The lagoon of Val Trebbia, near Comacchio, on the east coast of Italy (south of the delta of the River Po, and north of Ravenna), has recently been drained; and this has led to the discovery of a cemetery dating from the fifth to the fourth century B.C., the majority of the 460 tombs so far found belonging to the latter.

One of them contained four small vases of yellow clay, two of which, representing deer, are shown on the opposite page: one (Fig. 7) in the form of a dappled hind, and the other a stag with branching antlers (Fig. 8). The remaining two vases take the form of a goring bull and a bull in repose. The cemetery may, it is thought, have belonged to the mysterious city of Spina, the exact position of which is as yet unknown; it is mentioned in ancient literature, and is thought to have been a Greek colony.

A theatre was, of course, a normal feature of even a comparatively insignificant Roman town; and at Gioiosa Ionica, on the east coast of Calabria (in the modern sense), a small Roman theatre close to the

railway station was found in 1882, and has recently been entirely cleared (Fig. 3). The plan is fairly perfect; and it is interesting to notice that here for the first time have been found in position some of the terra-cotta jars which, as Vitruvius tells us, were used as amplifiers in the theatres of small towns, which could not afford vessels of bronze for the purpose. The ancient name of the place is quite unknown.

In the course of reclamation works on the desolate and marshy shore to the north of Cumæ, long stretches of the pavement of the road which Domitian built across the swamps have been discovered (Fig. 10). The pavement is characteristic: like the road which ascended the Alban Mount, it is formed of slabs of

lava, with edgings of the same material, and at the point shown in the photograph is about fifteen feet in width—the standard width of a Roman high road even in open country. The Via Domitiana, described in a well-known poem by Statius, diverged from the Via Appia at Sinuessa, the modern Mondragone, forming a direct route from Rome to Naples which is followed more or less by the new railway—this being one only of the many cases in which the Romans have shown the way to the moderns.

Excavations have been continued at Pompeii along the line of the Via dell' Abbondanza, and discoveries of great interest, both architectural and decorative, have been made there in recent years. [Some of the most important of the discoveries at Pompeii, we may recall, have already been described and illustrated in these pages, as in our issues of Oct. 29 and of December 17, 1927.]

From Tiriolo, high among the mountains of Calabria, come a number of bronzes, found in a tomb a few years ago. The finest of them is a bronze head of Silenus (Fig. 2), forming part of the decoration of the handle of a vessel of the same material, in which the play of light and shade is remarkable.



FIG. 2. THE FINEST OF THE BRONZES FOUND AT TIRIOLO, IN THE CALABRIAN MOUNTAINS: A HEAD OF SILENUS ON THE HANDLE OF A BRONZE VESSEL.



FIG. 3. WHERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, TERRA-COTTA JARS USED AS AMPLIFIERS HAVE BEEN FOUND IN POSITION: THE RECENTLY EXCAVATED ROMAN THEATRE CLOSE TO THE RAILWAY STATION (SEEN BEYOND) AT GIOIOSA IONICA, ON THE CALABRIAN COAST.



# THE ANCIENT WORLD IN ITALY AND SICILY: REMARKABLE NEW DISCOVERIES.



FIG. 4. PROBABLY OF THE SECOND CENTURY A.D.: ONE OF THE WALL-PAININGS IN A ROCK-CUT TOMB DISCOVERED ON THE VIA FLAMINIA NEAR ROME—A VASE OF FLOWERS (CENTRE) WITH TWO "GENII."

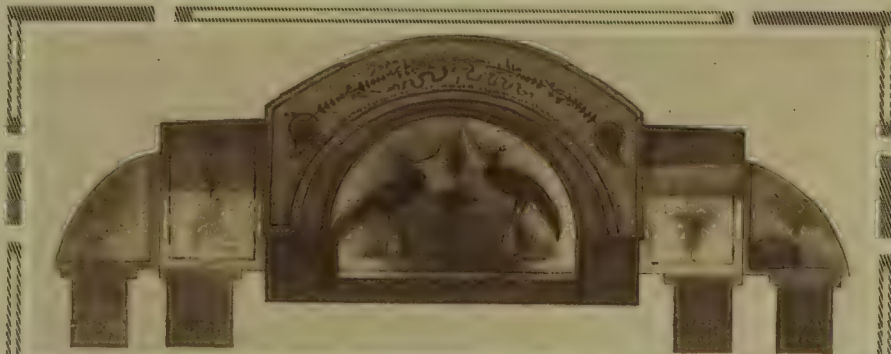


FIG. 5. ANOTHER OF THE WALL-PAININGS (ASCRIBED TO THE SECOND CENTURY) IN THE TOMB FOUND ON THE VIA FLAMINIA: A PAIR OF PEACOCKS PECKING AT A GARLAND SUSPENDED BETWEEN THEM.



FIG. 6. A WELL-PRESERVED MOSAIC PAVEMENT FOUND IN A HOUSE WHOSE WALLS HAVE LONG AGO DISAPPEARED: A DISCOVERY AT AQUILEIA, NEAR THE GULF OF TRIESTE.



FIG. 9. DEDICATED BETWEEN 2 AND 14 A.D.: THE TEMPLE OF ROME AND AUGUSTUS AT POLA, RECENTLY CLEARED AND RESTORED, AND NOW USED (WITH ITS ENCLOSURE) AS A MUSEUM.



FIGS. 7 AND 8. ANIMAL MODELLING OF THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C.: SMALL CLAY VASES REPRESENTING A DAPPLIED HIND AND A STAG, FROM AN ANCIENT CEMETERY DISCOVERED NEAR COMACCHIO, ON THE EAST COAST OF ITALY NORTH OF RAVENNA.



FIG. 10. THE VIA DOMITIANA, DESCRIBED IN A POEM BY STATIUS: A NEWLY DISCOVERED SECTION OF THE LAVA-PAVED ROAD BUILT BY DOMITIAN ACROSS THE SWAMPS BETWEEN SINUESSA AND CUMÆ.



FIG. 11. ARCHAIC ALTARS FOUND AT AGRIGENTO (HITHERTO CALLED GIRGENTI IN MODERN TIMES) IN SICILY, CLOSE TO THE TEMPLE KNOWN AS THAT OF CASTOR AND POLLUX: A RECTANGULAR ALTAR AND A CIRCULAR ONE.

Dr. Ashby's allusions to the first seven subjects illustrated above (Figs. 4 to 10) will be found (correspondingly numbered) in his article given on the opposite page. In a note on Fig. 11, he writes: "Agrigento (as Girgenti is now called, with a return to its ancient name) has been the scene of interesting discoveries—largely owing to the liberality of Captain Alexander Hardcastle. An account of the exploration of the temple of Demeter, into which the mediæval church of S. Biagio was built, appeared in 'The Illustrated London News' of July 11, 1925: this temple was only the successor of an archaic sanctuary of the deities of the

underworld, situated at the edge of the cliff just below. This building, about 40 ft. long and 10 ft. wide, dates from about 700 B.C. Numerous votive objects in terra-cotta have been found. Several archaic altars (Fig. 11) have been found almost at the other extremity of the site, close to the temple known as that of Castor and Pollux. The altar in the foreground is rectangular, while that in the background, like the rest, is circular, and similar to one found close to the temple of Demeter, and illustrated in the article quoted above. In the centre was a cavity full of votive objects (pottery, etc.), of various kinds."

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION SUPPLIED BY DR. THOMAS ASHBY, F.S.A. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



# The Hunting; Not the Hunted: Beasts of Africa.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"MAN-KILLERS AND MARAUDERS": By W. S. CHADWICK.\*

(PUBLISHED BY H. F. AND G. WITHERBY.)

THE gauntlet is thrown down. "Whilst hoping this book may prove of general interest," writes the hunter-author, "I particularly invite the attention of natural history students to the various traits in the larger fauna wherein my description differs from that given in some standard works. Each incident is related as it actually occurred, and the conclusions drawn are based on the experiences of twenty-five years in close contact with the wild life of Africa."

"The crowing cock the Lion stout eschews," runs an ancient saw. As to this, Mr. Chadwick is no guide. Possibly, very probably, the saying is not in his store of aphorisms. Anyway, he would not print it unless he had proved it! Even then he might hedge, "fully recognising that what is true in general may be totally false in the particular." He has caution as well as daring, and his

The leopard: that reminds me. Mr. Chadwick has no doubts about his deadliness. "It may be confidently asserted," he says, "that if he weighed three times his actual weight he would be the supreme terror of the forest. As a killer pure and simple he stands unrivalled despite that disability. He kills for the sheer love of slaughter, and is only limited by physical capacity. The physical capacity of the lion is unlimited, but he kills only for food, and much less frequently than the leopard."

As to the elephant, he slays in a stampede of fear far oftener than in ferocity. The buffalo is another story. He is consciously a votary of the vendetta, or, at least, an advocate of personal revenge for injuries intended or inflicted. Mr. Chadwick writes of his ways: "I have unhappily attended many sales of kit due to the death of the owners while hunting buffalo. Most of the victims were 'new-chums,' and usually the cause of death was the beast's habit of shamming death, or of doubling on his trail, which had misled the victim. The buffalo is the one animal in the veld which cannot be stopped when he charges except by death, though both lion and elephant may be turned with luck."

The rhino has porcine passion. "Man-scent is anathema to him, and, whereas other animals express their dislike of it in flight, the rhino's furious resentment is expressed in an instant offensive. He alone attacks man without warning or provocation, always excepting man-eating lions and rogue elephants, and it is the unexpectedness of his attack which so often renders it deadly." Deadly, but dodgeable. "The charge is directed by blind, unreasoning fury rather than by intelligence—a mad and murderous desire to remove the source of the

alluvial, and found on almost all rivers, some prospectors I have known have shot 'crops' systematically, and have examined the stomach-contents to ascertain the nature of the river-bed; also on the off-chance that the saurian may have picked up a diamond."

Further: "Few people seem to be aware that the crocodile has no tongue. There is certainly a fleshy protuberance, incapable of lateral movement, which slides back into the throat when the jaws open, and acts somewhat like a valve, but that is all. . . . A Rhodesian paper recently published the experiences of a Hollander walking through Africa. This traveller is reported as stating that, at one point of his journey, he lived on crocodiles' tongues and hippo steaks. Since the former have no tongues and the natives had no firearms to kill the latter, he must have been frequently hungry."

The challenge sarcastic, you will notice; the glove flung facetiously! That by way of earnest to confirm recommendation. Much, very much more could be provided; but that is enough—and here enough is but a morsel of the feast!

Let me, however, take the privilege of the P.S. This, to note that Mr. Chadwick is of the opinion that the policy of game sanctuaries can be over-preached. "Since the game has been driven into circumscribed areas, far from civilisation," he has it, "the native has become a far greater danger to its continued existence than the white man. Civilisation itself, though unarmed and inoffensive, is yet an invader before which wild life flees, just as surely as before the rifle's attack. The primitive native's destructive power has increased also with the mobilisation of the herds in the remote areas he himself occupies. It is therefore safe to assert that eighty per cent. of the game destroyed to-day is destroyed by natives, and a large proportion of such destruction by natives without modern weapons." They are poachers, but they are very skilled poachers, and they prevail. And when it comes to parts of Angola and some districts of the Katanga country: "Native wants are few and easily satisfied. Money is of little value. No aristocratic class has arisen, because none have exclusive possession of any advantage over their fellows. All are 'meat-hungry,' and all unite in efforts to secure it. So effective, therefore, have those efforts been that, in Angola, districts extending for hundreds of miles have been denuded of all animal—and bird—life. Even rats are hunted so persistently that they have been almost exterminated."

But, read for yourself, mark, learn, and inwardly—approve; realising the while that "Man-Killers and Marauders," somewhat sensational as it is in title, is a genuine contribution to our knowledge of African fauna, a most worthy work, not to be classed with fiction, with travellers' tales, or with the imaginative enterprises satirised by Swift when he wrote—

So geographers, in Afric maps,  
With savage pictures fill their gaps.  
And o'er unhabitable downs  
Place elephants for want of towns. E. H. G.



THE "ZOO" CENTENARY: AN INTERESTING RECORD OF THE GARDENS EIGHTY-ONE YEARS AGO—THE TERRACE WALK IN 1848.

In "A Short History of the Zoological Society of London" we read: "The new Carnivora Terrace, extending from the Bear Pit to the steps, was completed, and the animals transferred to the dens, in September, 1843." The above drawing, like those on the opposite page, is of great interest as a record of contemporary fashions in costume.—[By Courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.]

straight-shooting life has convinced him that nothing is so uncertain as the "certain"! Those seeking to record the characteristics of the wild must, he insists, study not the hunted, but the hunting. That is what he himself has done, and it is just that which makes "Man-Killers and Marauders" so engrossing, so vital, and so informative.

Hear him as to the lions whose claws he went a-paring—lions and kings by night, and big, sleepy, stupid, but evil cats by day! He has met them in the sun, in the shadows, in the darkness of the night. They have leapt at his ox and his ass and other things that are his; they have bounded across his path and slunk up to his camp; he has seen them kill, springing, clawing, biting, and dislocating the quarry's drawn-back neck; he has watched them at the horrid feast; he has sighted on the baleful eyes, "two small, opalescent stars, and nearer to earth than stars ever came." And he has come to several conclusions that will cause comment amongst those crusted in incredulity. Let me cite one point. A lion killed a donkey. "I . . . followed his spoor," he tells, "and it soon became evident that he was carrying the donkey's carcass on his back, as an irregular groove in the sand, obviously made by the point of a dangling hoof, ran beside the imprint of tremendous paws, indicating the killer's great size and weight. This leonine habit has often been disputed. In Lydekker's book it is asserted to be fallacious, and that the lion drags his prey. But the evidence of my eyes on this occasion showed that he had carried it for at least a mile and a half."

And let me add two other unusual notes: "Fear of man stays with the hunting lion until death, and he frequently starves on rats and rabbits in preference to attacking human kind." Yet: "Many people still believe that the lion prefers a human diet when obtainable. If that were so the white man's advent would have found Africa populated chiefly by lions, for against the man-eater men have little chance. Though he is excelled in strength, courage, and wisdom by both elephant and buffalo, and in ferocity by the leopard, his amazing power of swift, scientific, and silent slaughter is unique, and this power makes him the king of the night he undoubtedly is." Reason spoke at the Parley of Beasts when it was said: "If the lion says that our ears be horns they must be horns."

hated taint. If the source removes itself with speed and discretion the big, stupid pig often stands nonplussed, a picture of comical puzzlement, until a bullet solves the enigma of its disappearance for him."

Enter the Hippo, able to drive tusks through the bottom-plates of a steel barge and ever ready to capsize canoes; the "lion's hyena"; the eland, which may be run down by "marathon" natives until he drops exhausted; wildebeeste, haartbeeste, and tsessebe; the roan antelope, one specimen stunned for three minutes by a shot through the neck; the reedbuck, with hoof-stamp and shrill whistle alarm; the "rubber"-hided waterbuck; the handsome sable; and various others—in the air, the vultures and the eagle-hawks; the protected scavengers, and the eagle-hawk called "lammervanger," the sleep-catcher, a bird whose chief quarry are ducks and well-bred fowls! Nor must we ignore the crocodile, concerning whom a quotation,

"The crocodile's approach is deadly silent, and his attack swift as a flash of lightning. Even a large ox has small chance of escape from the great jaws when once dragged into deep water. Yet the reptile has so small a gullet that he can only swallow small morsels of solid food, and he conceals the bodies of the larger animals in the reeds below the surface until they decompose before he can enjoy them! It seems, too, that to assimilate even this 'slop' diet, he needs aid to digestion. In every specimen I have recovered I have found a number of smooth, round, transparent pebbles in the stomach, and this characteristic is utilised by prospectors. In Angola, where diamonds are



THE "ZOO'S" FIRST HIPPOPOTAMUS, WITH HIS EGYPTIAN KEEPER: A DRAWING REPRODUCED FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JUNE 1, 1850—"THE FIRST SKETCH OF HIM FROM LIFE."

Our issue from which this drawing is reproduced contains an interesting account of the excitement over the arrival at the "Zoo" of its first hippopotamus, a young specimen presented by Abbas Pasha, which had been shipped from Alexandria in the "Ripon." He was captured in the island of Obaysch, 1800 miles above Cairo, in 1849, and arrived at the "Zoo" on May 25, 1850. "Even in Egypt, in the land of its nativity (says our article) the Hippopotamus is now so far removed from the observation of men that the animal created intense wonder and interest in Cairo, and could only be withdrawn from the curious gaze of ten thousand spectators who witnessed its debarkation from the canal boat at Alexandria by the intervention of a strong body of the Pasha's troops. . . . The grotesque expression of his physiognomy far exceeds all that can be imagined from the stuffed specimens in museums."

\* "Man-Killers and Marauders: Some Big Game Encounters of an African Hunter." By W. S. Chadwick. With Photographs. (H. F. and G. Witherby; 20s. 6d. net.)



# THE CENTENARY OF THE "ZOO": BYGONE DAYS IN THE FAMOUS GARDENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.



TWO YEARS AFTER THE OPENING, AND ONE YEAR AFTER THE GRANTING OF THE CHARTER BY KING GEORGE IV.: THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS IN 1830—A CONTEMPORARY PRINT SHOWING COSTUMES OF THE PERIOD.

SHOWING (TOP CENTRE) THE GROUND FIRST ALLOTTED TO THE "ZOO" IN REGENT'S PARK: A PLAN OF THE PARK IN 1827, TWO YEARS BEFORE THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY RECEIVED ITS ROYAL CHARTER.



"ATTEMPT TO REMOVE JUMBO, THE GREAT ELEPHANT, FROM THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS": AN ECHO OF AN EVENT THAT AROUSED INTENSE POPULAR FEELING. (FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF FEBRUARY 25, 1882.)



"HOW JUMBO HAD HIS GUMS LANCED": MR. BARTLETT (SUPERINTENDENT OF THE "ZOO") OPERATING TO REMOVE AN ABSCESS, WITH AN INSTRUMENT FIXED TO A ROD. (FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF FEB. 25, 1882.)



NOW JUST A HUNDRED YEARS OLD: THE TUNNEL CONNECTING THE TWO GARDENS, BUILT IN 1829—A DRAWING MADE IN 1848, SHOWING VISITORS IN THE COSTUME OF THAT TIME.



EARLY VICTORIAN VISITORS TO THE "ZOO": AN INTERESTING PRINT FROM TALLIS'S "ILLUSTRATED LONDON," OF 1850, ENTITLED "ENTRANCE TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK."

On April 29 the Zoological Society will hold its centenary meeting at University College, and on June 20 will give a centenary party in the Zoological Gardens. The centenary commemorates the granting of its Charter by George IV., on March 27, 1829, although the Gardens were actually opened to the public on April 27, 1828. In "A Short History of the Zoological Society of London" (kindly lent to us by the Society) we read: "The first meeting of the Council was held on May 5 (1826). The sum of £5000 was appropriated for the Gardens in Regent's Park, the plans of which (were) prepared by Decimus Burton." The record for 1882 says: "Jumbo, the great African elephant, was sold to Mr. Barnum, because

it was considered unsafe to keep him in the Gardens any longer. The sale caused a great deal of excitement, but the Council would not have parted with the animal (without) satisfactory reasons. . . . The Superintendent, Mr. A. D. Bartlett, wrote: 'Finding that Jumbo . . . was likely to do some fatal mischief, I made an application to be supplied with a sufficiently powerful rifle, in the event of finding it necessary to kill him.' Our issue of February 25, 1882, contains a pathetic account of Jumbo's struggles, and the cries of his "wife," Alice, during the first attempt to remove him, besides sketches of him in his younger days, including that of a surgical operation on his jaw.



# IN SEARCH OF TRUTH.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

It often happens that I am asked for my opinion as a historian on the Russian revolution and its enigmas. I am consulted as to whether I can give any sure indication of a means of knowing exactly what is happening in the old Empire of the Tsars. The most contradictory information is offered us with equal assurance. Everything goes well; everything goes badly. It is Paradise; it is Hell. Who is to be believed? How are we to get our bearings in that chaos of incongruous news? The same questions can be put with regard to all the European countries (and they are, alas! numerous) which are a prey to the evils of revolutions and of coups d'état. The most contradictory things are told us about all of them. And it is not a matter of mere historical, academic curiosity. Every day captains of industry, bankers, diplomats, statesmen must take decisions which presuppose exact knowledge of the state of things in those countries—that is, they require truth established in the midst of contradictory assertions. Truth in these cases has a monetary value. But it is difficult to answer these questions, especially for a historian.

We live in an epoch which is greedy to see and to know. We run hither and thither wherever there is something unusual to be seen. Revolutions and coups d'état are among the unusual things which attract travellers. The moment a country overthrows its Government and announces that it has found the formula of universal happiness, a crowd of journalists, literary men, business men, and politicians rush to visit it. They take a circular ticket, enter the country by one frontier, visit the principal towns in the course of two or three weeks, converse with a certain number of personages, and leave by another frontier. They have hardly reached home before they write their impressions, which are nearly always favourable. How many books of that kind have been published in the course of the last ten years!

This hurried and facile literature, instead of enlightening the public, can only serve to confuse its ideas. Throughout Western civilisation, the good is displayed and the evil is hidden. Modern society is like the big streets of our capitals. You see nothing in them but a display of riches, signs of prosperity, promises of happiness, monuments to glory. The people who walk in them are well dressed, in good health, and seem all glad to be alive. Where are the poor, the beggars, the sick? If we are to believe our eyes, unhappiness has disappeared from the earth! It is the same when we rush through a European country, hurried by the time-limit of our railway-ticket. We see no sore places. Everywhere we get an impression of order, activity, and prosperity. If we want to get a different impression, we should arrive in a big town on a day when there is a riot! What are these superficial and transitory impressions worth?

Let us take that rather mysterious and ill-defined good to which, under the name of order, the modern world aspires. I am not surprised that many travellers have told us that there is just as much order in Moscow as there is in Paris or in London. The same might be said of all the great towns in Europe. Order reigns supreme everywhere, but that order is not maintained by the same means in all countries. In some countries it is maintained by a permanent condition of "state of siege," and there are others in which it is maintained by the gentleness of a liberal régime. To compare the order which reigns in two countries by its external manifestations, without taking into account the power which is used to maintain it, is to expose oneself to gross mistakes. We must also beware of another pitfall which revolutionaries willingly prepare for hurried and superficial observers. It often happens that Governments which have much to be pardoned take especial care in the case of certain striking outward appearances, shams which serve to distract the strangers' attention and hide from them the hideous wounds which lie below the smiling surface. A wise, loyal, just, and liberal Government does not need to make use of expensive shams, which only easy-going minds take seriously.

In fact, in order to judge a country, one must know its soul, its manners, the spirit of its institutions—that is to say, its intellectual and moral condition: invisible things which are not noticed when one makes a rushed journey through a country. And to know all these invisible things it is necessary to live in a country, to speak its language, have intercourse and interests in it, and find oneself in daily contact with the living reality. We must, however, make one exception. In nearly all European countries there are journalists who specialise in "international enquiries," as they are called. Among these journalists we find serious observers who have learnt,

the country itself? It is obvious that those who live in a country are in a better position to know its faults and its qualities than are those who merely take a bird's-eye view of it. There is, however, one great drawback if one addresses oneself to what may be called indigenous sources of information—one is liable to be unduly influenced by a one-sided fixed view. That is a very serious drawback in times of trouble and revolution.

All coups d'état and all revolutions have their favourites and their victims. Some lose by them; others gain. Those who lose by them see everything through dark spectacles, and those who gain by them look through rose-coloured glasses. Talk to a Russian who is faithful to the old régime and has been despoiled by the new one: he will tell you that Bolshevism is a monster spewed up from Hell. Talk to a Russian who has made himself a brilliant position out of the revolution: he will tell you that Bolshevism is the new salvation; woe be to the people who shall refuse to recognise it! Each one will reel off to you as many facts as you may desire in support of his arguments. It is this which surprises many people. How is it possible to support with ardour two such completely different arguments, one of which must be false if the other be true? The explanation is not difficult. Nothing happens in the world without a reason. A fallen Government must always have had grave faults. A coup d'état or a revolution which succeeds is never the solitary caprice of a Satanic genius incarnated in one man or in a group. The worst of Governments, by the sole fact that it exercises power, must do, even without wishing to, certain things which are useful to the general public. A Government which only concerns itself with the interests of those who govern is inconceivable. Therefore, we can either praise everything or criticise everything. We have only to bring to light the good details of bad things or the bad details of good things. That is the sophisticated procedure of those interested when they wish to surprise the good faith of impartial but badly informed judges.

It is against this sophisticated procedure that we must guard ourselves as closely as possible if we wish to understand something of what is passing in the world around us. The people of the country are the best source of information for a stranger if he knows how to question them, but they are often the worst judges. One must know what they think and what they say, even when they are inspired by hate or love. But one must try to disentangle the truth by comparing what is asserted by hate, and what love replies. The dialogue is not always clear; but, if one

follows it with careful attention, one can find grains of truth among the exaggerations, the defamations, and the inventions of which it is composed. If one knows how to extract these grains, if one can combine them, one can manage to establish certainties: the little that I think I know about the Russian revolution is drawn almost entirely from the publications which the Russians on both sides have circulated in Europe. Interested lies may lead us to truth, if we know how to utilise them as guides instead of allowing ourselves to be led by them blindfold.

Whether it be a question of Russia or any other country which is in the grip of revolutionary crises, we must finally and above all be on our guard against exaggerations and not see things in undue proportions. The nineteenth century claimed to be the critical century: it was, in fact, essentially a century of self-admiration. Having taken part in certain extraordinary events, it was seized with the desire to discover marvels everywhere: in the past, the present, and the future. And when marvels did not exist, it invented them, and took the risk of condemning itself to live in a state of perpetual hallucination. For how many great men did that enthusiastic century invent a kind of super-greatness! Caesar, Dante, St. Francis of Assisi, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, had all been admired in the preceding centuries. The nineteenth century

[Continued on page 740.]



"REMOVING": A WORK BY MAURICE MINKOWSKI, WHOSE PICTURES ARE BEING MUCH DISCUSSED.

From the Picture on Exhibition at Mr. Godfrey Phillips's.



"HE HAS PORTRAYED THE INNERMOST": "THE LAMENT."—BY MAURICE MINKOWSKI.

Maurice Minkowski, whose work is attracting considerable attention, was born at Warsaw in 1881. At the age of five, owing to an illness, he lost the powers of speech and hearing. When he was but eleven, his talent was sufficient to win for him the recognition of Prince Imeritinsky, the Governor of Warsaw, who commissioned him to paint his portrait. He has exhibited successfully in France and in Germany, and now has a one-man show at Mr. Godfrey Phillips's, in Duke Street, St. James's. M. de Monzie, formerly French Minister of Fine Arts, has written of him: "... he has, somehow, portrayed the innermost instead of superficially depicting meaningless movements of the features."

From the Picture on Exhibition at Mr. Godfrey Phillips's.

thanks to long practice, to seek their information from good sources, to group and compare and submit it to clear-sighted criticism, to examine the pros and cons of things, and to seek for reality under appearances. The international inquiry is an instrument of information which has its faults and its shortcomings; but in its own sphere, and so far as it is possible with the means at its disposal, it can render important services to the public when the journalist is clever and conscientious. Must we, then, if we want to know what is going on in a country, resort to

miration. Having taken part in certain extraordinary events, it was seized with the desire to discover marvels everywhere: in the past, the present, and the future. And when marvels did not exist, it invented them, and took the risk of condemning itself to live in a state of perpetual hallucination. For how many great men did that enthusiastic century invent a kind of super-greatness! Caesar, Dante, St. Francis of Assisi, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, had all been admired in the preceding centuries. The nineteenth century



## THE FATE OF THE PORTLAND VASE IN SUSPENSE; AND A MODERN REPLICA SHOWING HOW IT WAS MADE.



1. THE PORTLAND VASE AS IT WAS IN 1786: THE VASE (ON PEDESTAL IN CENTRE) IN THE FRONTISPIECE OF A SALE CATALOGUE.



2. THE PORTLAND VASE LEAVING THE BRITISH MUSEUM ON APRIL 17, AFTER REMAINING ON LOAN THERE FOR 118 YEARS, FOR CHRISTIE'S SALE ROOMS: PLACING THE PRECIOUS BOX IN A MOTOR-VAN UNDER POLICE GUARD.



3. AWAITING ITS FATE AT AUCTION ON MAY 2: THE PRICELESS PORTLAND VASE IN THE SAFE IN CHRISTIE'S STRONG-ROOM, AFTER ITS REMOVAL FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



4. WITH THE GRILLE (IN CHRISTIE'S STRONG-ROOM) PULLED ASIDE TO AFFORD A BETTER VIEW: THE PORTLAND VASE, OF BLUE AND WHITE GLASS, ASCRIBED TO THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.



5. THE FIRST STAGE OF A MODERN REPLICA: A PLAIN VASE OF DARK BLUE-BLACK GLASS WITH A THICK LAYER OF OPAQUE WHITE GLASS SUPERIMPOSED.

One of the most important and interesting sales ever held in London will take place, at Christie's, on May 2, when the fate of the celebrated Portland Vase (the property of the Duke of Portland) will be decided. This magnificent example of ancient Roman glass-work (whose romantic history was told, with illustrations, in our issue of March 16) has been on loan for 118 years in the British Museum, and many visitors went there to see it for the last time before it was removed to Messrs. Christie's strong-room on April 17. The vase (long owned by the Barberini family in Rome) was bought there in 1770 by Sir William Hamilton, who in 1784 sold it to the Duchess of Portland for 1800 guineas. At the sale in 1786 (after her death) it was bought for 980 guineas by the third Duke, and in 1810 the fourth Duke deposited it in the British Museum. There, on Feb. 7, 1845, it was smashed by a lunatic named William Lloyd, but was afterwards pieced together. The breakage revealed its technique. The vase of blue glass (says the sale catalogue) was first made, and then covered with a layer of white glass. Then the blue handles were added. The next process was to carve the white layer in the manner of a cameo. In the intervening spaces all the white layer and part of the blue were removed. The two lower illustrations show an interesting modern replica, made by the same method, now

[Continued below.]



6. COPIES OF THE PORTLAND VASE FIGURES CHISELLED-OUT BY A SCULPTOR FROM THE SUPERIMPOSED OPAQUE WHITE GLASS: THE REPLICA COMPLETED.

[Continued.]

on view at the galleries of Messrs. Sidney Hand, Ltd., 16a, Grafton Street, Bond Street. The work took over three years, and all the time the studio had to be kept at a constant temperature, as any flaw in the glass might have ruined the results.

"All knowledge of the process," write Messrs. Hand, "was lost until about 1870, when, on its being re-discovered by an English firm of glass-makers, the sculptor Joseph Locke was commissioned to execute this vase, which is signed by him and dated 1878."

ILLUSTRATION NO. 1 BY COURTESY OF MR. THOMAS P. GREIG, OWNER OF THE CATALOGUE FROM WHICH OUR ILLUSTRATION IS REPRODUCED. NOS. 5 AND 6 BY MESSRS. SIDNEY HAND, LTD.



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## SIR JAMES BARRIE'S "TALKIE."

THE arrival of such a writer as Sir James Barrie in the field of the talking-pictures sets up an important mile-stone in their career. His famous little play, "Half-an-Hour," has been elaborated in order to give it the required length, and comes to



A REFORMED "SAFE-CRACKER" REVEALS HIS IDENTITY BY APPLYING HIS SENSITIVE TOUCH TO A STRONG-ROOM IN WHICH A CHILD IS IMPRISONED: WILLIAM HAINES IN THE TITLE-ROLE OF A NEW FILM, "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE," AT THE EMPIRE.

the screen as "The Doctor's Secret" (pre-release at the Plaza). There is, therefore, in this expanded version a good deal of dialogue that cannot claim the parentage of Sir James Barrie's pen. All the same, something of his quality permeates the whole play, whilst in much of it we detect the crispness, the apt word, the hall-mark, in short, of the author. Here, at least—and at last—is a "talkie" worth listening to, free from the banalities and the Americanese of its kind. From this point of view, "The Doctor's Secret" is a momentous production, for it indicates the possibilities of the really well-written talking-picture of the future, and emphasises the need for good dialogue. So far, the mere fact of sound-photography and of hearing the shadows speak has been deemed sufficient to satisfy the public, and has, indeed—as witness the Al Jolson successes—been sufficient. But with familiarity comes discrimination, and the scenarist of the talking-picture will have to acquire the art of writing good, terse dialogue, or call in a playwright to do that part of the work for him. For it is evident to me, after listening to "The Doctor's Secret," that some of the tedium that I have suffered (though not all) has been due to the humbleness—shall we say?—of the talk in the talking-pictures.

There is another lesson to be gathered from "The Doctor's Secret," a lesson gracefully and delicately demonstrated by Miss Ruth Chatterton, who, to use an apt expression of the screen and of the theatre, simply walks away with the play. Here is an experienced actress, one of Broadway's favourites, using a charming voice with the greatest effect, and equipped with stage as well as with screen technique. She scores all along the line, and scores because she gives a beautifully quiet performance, full of light and shade, poignant in its moments of great grief and subsequent suspense, yet always attuned to the spoken word. Her work is harmonised. She is not a screen actress suddenly called upon to speak. Beside her, John Loder, the young Englishman who went to Hollywood recently, seems an amateur as soon as he begins to speak, though he is pleasant to look at, and sure of himself so long as he has to deal with "silent business." H. B. Warner, who can be dominating enough in silent characterisations, is singularly ineffective and mild of voice as a husband whose brutal cynicism and coarse-grained bullying

drove his "aristocratic" wife to headlong flight. Here, then, is yet another sign-post. The talking-film needs artists with stage experience, used to the modulation of the voice, and able to build up their character-studies vocally as well as physically. And here let me interpolate, in support of this conclusion, that the acting and speaking honours of a talking-version of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," pre-released at the Empire, fell unconditionally to that sound actor, Lionel Barrymore.

All this, of course, is bringing the talking-picture ever nearer to the stage, and suggests that perfection lies in enlisting the help of playwrights and artists who have hitherto concentrated on the theatre—perfection, that is to say, in the sense of "getting over" good plays from the screen. Whether they will be "good pictures" is another question entirely. Personally I doubt it. "The Doctor's Secret," though it contains one grave error and an *ensemble* that is adequate rather than brilliant, is distinguished by a perfect impersonation of the leading rôle, and is a very polished, very solid production. Yet never for one moment does it satisfy my individual demand of the screen. It is not pictorial drama. It makes



THE RESCUE OF THE CHILD IN "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE," AT THE EMPIRE: THE SCENE AFTER JIMMY HAS OPENED THE STRONG-ROOM DOOR—(L. TO R.) LIONEL BARRYMORE (AS A DETECTIVE), KARL DANE, WILLIAM HAINES, AND (EXTREME RIGHT) LEILA HYAMS.

no use of the vast possibilities of cinematography. The story, as most of my readers will remember, is of an unhappy wife, "bought" from her noble father by an ambitious commoner, and preserving, as an armour against his offensiveness, a Vere-de-Vereish aloofness that might have maddened the most amiable of husbands. All this is rather *vieux jeu*, as is the emphasis on the wife's blue-blood bravery. To be brave is no longer, if it ever was outside fiction, the prerogative of blue blood. The poignancy of the drama steps in with the wife's dash for freedom. She determines to join her lover, whom she has dutifully dismissed. She goes to his rooms; he leaves her to call a taxi, is run over and killed. And the woman, a helpless *article de luxe*, creeps back to her husband's house. Within half an hour she is facing a group of his guests, amongst them the doctor who attended to her unfortunate lover, and saw her in his rooms. At first ready to condemn her, he determines not to speak, and as the clock chimes the hour she goes in to dinner on his arm. Only thirty minutes, and a life's tragedy has been consummated! Excellent theatre this: but for the screen? In the first place, the

elaboration weakens the concentration of the tragedy within a brief span of time. The scene in the lover's rooms is unduly prolonged, and the introduction of a truly terrible American version of the Barresque juvenile "slavey," with her youthful knowingness and "little old woman" airs, is a bad blot. Furthermore, apart from a moment of hectic action in the street, when the young man is knocked down, the film is static, its backgrounds limited to two rooms, one of them luxurious enough to present a pleasant picture to the eye, I admit, but not one that reconciles me to the loss of the beauty and exhilaration of true movement.

## LIONEL BARRYMORE'S "EXPERIMENTS."

By a curious coincidence, the two artists who seem to me to have given a filip to talking films, Ruth Chatterton and Lionel Barrymore, are working together in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of "Madame X," Barrymore as director and Miss Chatterton in the title-rôle. It is interesting to learn that Barrymore, who has only recently, I believe, turned his attention to the production rather than to the interpretation of films, intends to experiment with the microphone as others have done with the camera. The "travelling shots" of a camera have inspired Mr. Barrymore with the idea of following the movements of his leading lady with the microphone, as well in several episodes. Thus, as she moves from character to character, the microphone, moving with her, picks out not only what she says, but the voices of those nearest to her in growing clarity as she progresses. It seems likely that the moving microphone may help to produce a perspective of sound which at present is badly lacking in the "talkies." Barrymore is obviously alive to the serious defect, for he has also devised a "damper" in order to achieve a pianissimo as the characters fade out. He himself, in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," occasionally uses a much lower note than I have yet heard in sound-films, and undoubtedly has already outstripped his colleagues in vocal variety. But I must confess that, much as I enjoyed Mr. Barrymore's genial portrait of an astute detective, I was unable to catch his whispered remarks from my seat at the back of the stalls. So that at present the boast of the talkies as to their audibility in every corner of the auditorium depends on the use of the same loud key from beginning to end. Mr. Barrymore's "damper" is no doubt aimed at the monotony which this uniform note engenders. He will have to go a step further, and discover some means of registering a whisper so that it will carry, as does an experienced stage-actor's, to the remotest regions of the gallery or pit. Such a discovery would mark a great advance in the artistic value of talking-pictures.



A TENSE MOMENT IN "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE," AT THE EMPIRE: WILLIAM HAINES AS THE REFORMED BURGLAR (LEFT) AND KARL DANE (RIGHT).

"Alias Jimmy Valentine," at the Empire, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, directed by Jack Conway, is described as "a sound-accompanied semi-talkie." The story concerns the exploits of a bank-robber, with a sensitive touch that enables him to open any safe, and a love affair that makes him a reformed character. Then it is discovered that his lady-love's little sister is imprisoned in a strong-room, and Jimmy is constrained to display his old skill, thus revealing his identity, by rescuing the child. The film is an adaptation from the well-known play by Paul Armstrong.



## THE FIRST COMPLETELY FASCIST CHAMBER: THE ROYAL OPENING.



"IN THE REORGANISED NATION EVERYONE HAS HIS TASK, HIS RESPONSIBILITY, HIS DUTY AND HIS RIGHTS":  
THE KING OF ITALY INAUGURATING THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ITALIAN LEGISLATURE.

On April 20 the King of Italy opened the twenty-eighth Italian Legislature, thus inaugurating the first completely Fascist Chamber of Deputies. A feature of the occasion was the display of the new royal coat-of-arms, in which the insignia of the House of Savoy and the symbols of Fascism are combined. In the photograph King Victor is seen seated under the centre of the canopy.

The Queen and Princesses are in the box above the throne. Signor Mussolini is standing at the foot of the dais—on the right as one looks at the photograph. In the course of his speech, the King said: "In the new State, the masses of working population are directly represented and their legitimate interests and needs are safeguarded."



# NAPOLEON IN HIS ISLAND PRISON: "ST. HELENA"—

# A NEW GERMAN FILM VERSION OF "THE LAST PHASE."



THE CAGED EAGLE OF ST. HELENA BROODS ON HIS FATE: NAPOLEON (WERNER KRAUSS) SITTING IN THE GARDEN AT LONGWOOD.



NAPOLEON IN HIS BATH DICTATES LETTERS TO COLONEL GOURGAUD (HERMANN THIMIG): AN INCIDENT OF LIFE AT ST. HELENA.



PATERNAL THOUGHTS: NAPOLEON GAZES WISTFULLY AT A BUST OF HIS SON, THE LITTLE DUKE OF REIMS AND KING OF ROME.



THE LITTLE COMPANY AT LONGWOOD SURROUNDING THE EXILED EMPEROR: NAPOLEON (EXTREME RIGHT) AT DINNER WITH HIS FRIENDS.



AN AFFAIRE DE CŒUR HINTED BY THE FILM: NAPOLEON GAZING AMOROUSLY AT THE COUNTESS BERTRAND (HANNA RALPH) IN THE LONGWOOD GARDEN.



STUDYING A MAP OF FRANCE: NAPOLEON, NOW VERY ILL, IN HIS ROOM AT LONGWOOD WITH A FAITHFUL SERVANT (PLAYED BY THEODOR LOOS).



FIGHTING WATERLOO OVER AGAIN: NAPOLEON (ON THE FLOOR) DEMONSTRATES THE BATTLE TO COLONEL GOURGAUD (LEFT) AND BARON LAS CASES (PAUL HENKELS).



DEEP IN HIS FAVOURITE GAME: NAPOLEON PLAYING CHESS WITH LAS CASES AT LONGWOOD—A TYPICAL EVENING'S RECREATION AMONG HIS FRIENDS.



"I COME TO PLACE MYSELF UNDER THE PROTECTION OF YOUR KING AND YOUR LAWS": NAPOLEON ABOARD THE "BELLEROPHON," RECEIVED BY ENGLISH OFFICERS.



"I AM NOT A PRISONER OF WAR... I CAME ON BOARD THE 'BELLEROPHON' OF MY OWN FREE WILL": NAPOLEON'S ARRIVAL ON DECK.



THE DEATH SCENE AT ST. HELENA, AS REPRESENTED IN THE FILM: A GROUP AT NAPOLEON'S BEDSIDE.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE: THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE NEW GERMAN FILM, "ST. HELENA," AS IMPERSONATED BY HERR WERNER KRAUSS.



"St. Helena" is the title of a new German film, announced as a Peter Ostermayr production, dealing with that part of Napoleon's career which Lord Rosebery, in his well-known book, called "The Last Phase." Our correspondent who sends the photographs says: "The new film begins where the 'Waterloo' film ended, and continues to Napoleon's death. The two greatest German actors are starring in it—Werner Krauss as Napoleon, and Albert Bassermann as the Governor (Sir Hudson Lowe)." Our readers will recall that the German film "Waterloo," with

Charles Vanel as Napoleon, produced in Munich by the Bavarian Film Company, Emelka, was illustrated in our issue of February 2. These screen versions of the Napoleonic drama are naturally tinged with German sentiment and German views of historical events, especially the Battle of Waterloo. In connection with the "St. Helena" film, it may be interesting to quote a few passages from Herr Emil Ludwig's "Napoleon," the best modern German work on the subject. Describing the Emperor's surrender, he recalls Napoleon's words: "I am not a prisoner of

*(Continued opposite.)*

*(Continued)*

war!... I came on board the 'Bellerophon' of my own free will, after previous negotiation with the commander. I threw myself on your protection, and claimed the rights of hospitality." Of his place of exile, Herr Ludwig writes: "An extinct volcano in the Atlantic Ocean, two thousand miles from Europe, and nearly a thousand from Africa, guarded by British guns—such is the rock of St. Helena, on which this limitless life might have ended like a tragedy of Æschylus. But owing to the mendacity of a moralising century, the malice of English oligarchs,

and the dry spitefulness of a colonial governor, the island becomes the stage for a tragic-comedy." Regarding the general treatment of Napoleon in exile, Herr Ludwig says: "The honour of England is saved only by the Whigs, and by the formal protest of two members of the House of Peers, the Duke of Sussex and Lord Holland.... Thomas Moore and Lord Byron save England's credit before the tribunal of history. Germany's good fame is rescued by the fierce attacks upon Lowe in the German Press, attacks that go on for years."



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKET TEAM THAT IS VISITING THIS COUNTRY.

In the back row (from left to right) are Messrs. I. J. Siedle, B. Mitchell, A. L. Ochse, A. J. Bell, D. P. B. Morkel, J. A. Christy, N. A. Quinn, Q. McMillan, E. L. Dalton, A. S. Frames (Secretary). In the next row are: Messrs. H. B. Cameron, H. W. Taylor, H. P. Frielinghaus (Hon. Manager), H. G. Deane (Captain), R. H. Catterall, and C. L. Vincent. In front are: Messrs. H. G. Owen-Smith, and E. A. van der Merwe.



**SIR AUBREY BROCKLEBANK, BT.**  
Chairman of the Anchor Brocklebank Line, and a Director of the Suez Canal Company, the Cunard, the G.W.R., etc. Died, April 19.



**MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.**  
The well-known novelist. Author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime," "Aunt Anne," "The Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman," etc., and the play "The Likeness of the Night." Died, April 21.



**SIR THOMAS SMARTT.**  
Deputy Leader of the South African Party. A worker with Rhodes and Jameson, and succeeded the latter as leader of the Unionist Party. Held various offices. Died, April 17, aged 70.



**PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.**  
Only brother of the ex-Kaiser. At outbreak of war appointed C-in-C. the Baltic Station, and flew his flag in Kiel, but did not carry on the active work. Born, August 14, 1862; died, April 20.



**LORD REVELSTOKE.**

Died suddenly in Paris on April 19. A delegate to the Committee of Experts on Reparations. A Director of the Bank of England and of Baring Brothers. The second Baron. Receiver-General, Duchy of Cornwall since 1908, and a Member of the Council of the Prince of Wales. Born, September 7, 1863.



THE ILL-FATED FLIGHT OF THE "SOUTHERN CROSS":  
MR. C. P. ULM, CAPTAIN KINGSFORD SMITH, AND  
LIEUT. KEITH ANDERSON, WHO LOST HIS LIFE WHILE  
FLYING TO THE RESCUE. (LEFT TO RIGHT.)

Captain Kingsford Smith and Mr. Ulm were located from the air on April 12, and were rescued soon afterwards. Meantime, Lieut. Keith Anderson had also been flying in search of the missing party. Before long, it was reported that he, too, was missing, and another search started. On April 21 came news that Mr. Brain, pilot of the aeroplane "Atlanta," had "spotted" the "Kookaburra," in which Lieut. Keith Anderson and Mr. Hitchcock had set out, and, flying low, had seen a body believed to be that of the pilot.



**DR. HYELMAN SCHACHT.**  
Chief German delegate to the Committee of Experts on Reparations. Presented his country's unanticipated "ultimatum" Memorandum, and thus caused a deadlock in Paris. Germany offered a sum equal to a present capital value of £1,300,000,000, whereas the Allied demands are for £1,950,000,000.



**MR. HAVELOCK WILSON.**

The famous Labour Leader who was President of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union. Began life before the mast. Started the Industrial Peace League in 1926. Died, April 10, aged seventy.



**SIR CLIFFORD SIFTON.**

Distinguished Canadian statesman, and proprietor of the "Manitoba Free Press." Died on April 17, at the age of sixty-eight. A former Canadian Attorney-General and Minister of Education.



GERMANY'S RECONSTRUCTED CABINET—A COALITION MINISTRY.

Sitting (from left to right) are Herr Curtius (Economic Affairs; German People's Party); Herr Stresemann (Foreign Affairs; German People's Party); Herr Herman Müller (Chancellor; Socialist); General Groener (Defence; Non-Party); and Dr. Wirth (Occupied Territories; Centre Party). Standing (from left to right) are: Herr Schaetzel (Posts; Bavarian People's Party); Herr von Guerard (Justice; Centre Party); Herr Stegerwald (Communications; Centre); Herr Severing (Interior; Socialist); Herr Dietrich (Food and Agriculture; Democrat); and Dr. Hilferding (Finance; Socialist).



**MR. FREDERICK C. TOONE.**

Managed the M.C.C. team during their recent Australian tour. Secretary of the Yorkshire County Cricket Club for over twenty-five years. Is to be knighted.



**SIR HERBERT AUSTIN.**

Clerk of the Central Criminal Court. Found shot in his office at the Sessions House, Old Bailey, on April 20. Born, 1867. Called to the Bar, Gray's Inn, in 1909.



# The "Zoo" Centenary: The Gardens in Sailor William's Reign.

FROM LITHOGRAPHS BY G. SCHARF, DATED 1835. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, MR. F. KINSEY PEILE.



THE "ZOO" AS IT WAS NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, BEFORE THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA: VISITORS AT THE OUTDOOR AVIARIES IN 1835, AN INTERESTING RECORD OF COSTUME IN THE REIGN OF WILLIAM IV.



THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS IN 1835, WHEN THEY OCCUPIED ONLY A SMALL PART OF THE PRESENT THIRTY-FOUR ACRES AND HAD COMPARATIVELY FEW EXHIBITS: PRE-VICTORIAN VISITORS AT THE CAMEL HOUSE NINETY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

On April 29 the Zoological Society of London, which now numbers over 8000 Fellows, will celebrate its centenary at a meeting in the Great Hall at University College, Gower Street, and at a dinner in the evening. There will also be a centenary garden party in the Zoological Gardens on June 20.

The "Zoo" was actually first opened on April 27, 1828; but, as the Society did not receive its Royal Charter until 1829, it was decided to observe the centenary this year. The original Gardens occupied but a small part of the present 34 acres, and contained only a few wild animals and birds.



# The Art of Wall-Painting in the Middle Ages: "The Last Judgment" at Shakespeare's Home Town.

FROM THE DRAWING BY PROFESSOR E. W. TRISTRAM. (COPYRIGHTED.) (SEE ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE.)



PROBABLY THE BEST SURVIVING EXAMPLE OF THE PERIOD (ABOUT 1500) WHEN PRACTICALLY EVERY ENGLISH MEDIAEVAL CHURCH CONTAINED A REPRESENTATION OF THE SAME SUBJECT:  
A LARGE WALL-PAINTING (24 FT. WIDE), NOW UNCOVERED FOR THE SECOND TIME, OVER THE CHANCEL ARCH IN THE GUILD CHAPEL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Under the direction of Professor E. W. Tristram, some remarkable wall-paintings in the Guild Chapel at Stratford-on-Avon have lately been restored to light, though not for the first time since they were effaced in the sixteenth century. About a hundred years ago it was discovered that the whole interior of the chapel had been covered with paintings; the lime-wash over them was removed, and drawings of them were made by Thomas Fisher. His work, however, it is now apparent, gave little indication of their beauty. The paintings were soon afterwards again obliterated. Many of them have been spoilt, but "The Last Judgment," 24 ft. wide, over the chancel arch is in a fair state of preservation. The subject is very common in English wall-painting. The Stratford example, which dates from

about 1500, is probably the best that now survives. The colours are bright, unlike the well-known wall-paintings in Eton College Chapel. The figure of Christ is seen at the top seated on a rainbow with the golden-crowned Virgin kneeling at His feet. The souls of the dead are rising from their graves in a ground covered with flowers, exquisitely painted in the style of a fifteenth-century tapestry. The rendering of the flowers has been compared to the work of Benozzo Gozzoli in the Medici Chapel at Florence. On the right hand of Christ (that is, in the left upper portion of the picture) stands St. Peter, at the gate of the Heavenly City, welcoming the souls of the blessed; while on the other side Satan and his demons drive the souls of the damned into Hell.



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## Mediaeval Wall-Paintings at Stratford-on-Avon.

By Professor E. W. TRISTRAM, A.R.C.A., Royal College of Art, South Kensington. (See Colour Illustration on Pages 718-719.)

THE days when it was customary to regard all works of art, and especially painting, in this country as having been in all probability executed by Italian artists, have fortunately passed away. We are, all of us, more or less familiar with the fact that we possessed an art of our own, however closely allied it might be to that of the Continental Schools, and that we possessed our own artists, even though on occasions foreigners worked in this country. The recent discovery of a very fine wall-painting in the Trinity Chapel, or the Chapel of the Guild of the Holy Cross (its better-known name), at Stratford-on-Avon, is therefore of considerable interest.

Not only does it provide us with further evidence that our painters at this date, about the year 1500, were comparable with those of the Continent, but with an illustration of the appearance the walls of our churches must have presented before the iconoclastic spirit of the Reformation caused all painted imagery of this description to be obliterated with limewash.

Curiously enough, the limewash applied by the Puritans has in many cases tended to preserve such wall-paintings, which otherwise would have perished through natural decay; and it is often possible to recover, in a fair state of preservation, work which has suffered in this way. The coats of limewash on the plaster of an unspoiled ancient church may disclose, on careful examination, several layers of painting applied at various periods. Those executed before the Reformation consist largely of long ranges of subjects relating to the Scriptures and the doctrine of the Church, applied for the purpose of edifying the people, who were more accustomed to read in pictures than in written or, at a later date, in printed text. Those executed after the Reformation consist almost entirely of painted texts within borders, often of an elaborate description, and, if less interesting than the work of an earlier date, nevertheless are often fine examples of painted lettering, and their selection is of great interest in relation to the local problems of the districts in which they occur.

The painting in the Guild Chapel at Stratford-on-Avon, however, has suffered more than is usually the case. It was first exposed about a century ago, and, popular curiosity as to its nature having been satisfied, it was again obliterated, on this occasion with paint. The fact that the work was executed in oil colour and not in distemper, as is usually the case, has enabled

it to withstand to a certain extent this drastic treatment. The painting, in consequence, is in a moderately good state of preservation, and, although not visible in detail at the first glance, still, after careful investigation, not only can the various incidents of which it is composed be distinguished, but the delicacy and "finish" of the workmanship becomes apparent.

Measuring twenty-four feet wide, it occupies the entire wall-space around the chancel arch, and, in accordance with the common practice in our English churches for paintings in this position, it depicts the Last Judgment. In the lower part of the composition, souls including all classes of humanity appear rising from their graves on a ground covered with exquisitely painted flowers in the manner of a fifteenth-century tapestry, and reminiscent of those in the Benozzo Gozzoli paintings in the Medici Palace at Florence, and a Last Judgment by Fra Angelico in the Accademia at Florence. The souls are being judged by Christ, who is seated on a rainbow, with the Virgin kneeling and interceding at His side. The souls of the Blessed are being admitted into Paradise by St. Peter, standing at the gates. Paradise is represented by tier upon tier of buildings peopled with angels playing musical instruments. The Damned, with vivid and expressive gestures, are being herded into the flaming jaws of Hell by Satan and his satellites, where they suffer a variety of gruesome tortures. The dramatic force with which many of these figures are depicted is remarkable.

With the exception of the gigantic figures of St. Christopher, mostly of fifteenth-century date, which are so often found in our churches, the Last Judgment is probably the most frequent which occurs. It may be seen amongst the earliest of our wall-paintings, of the twelfth century, which have survived, and it persists until the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the iconoclasm of the Reformation brought to an end this magnificent tradition of English wall-painting; at least in our churches, for during the sixteenth and seven-

teenth centuries a tradition of domestic wall-painting prevailed which possessed distinct charm and

which was, in one sense, a development from it. The subjects, as a rule, are so large that the remains which have come down to us are necessarily somewhat fragmentary.

For this reason alone the Stratford-on-Avon painting is of exceptional interest, for little of it is actually lost. Part of the figure of Christ, and no doubt figures of angels holding the Emblems of the Passion, have been cut off by the insertion of a late ceiling, but otherwise the subject is more or less complete, if in parts the incidents are not readily made out. There is probably no other English wall-painting of this subject at this date—c. 1500—that displays such excellence of technique, and the work is certainly superior in quality to contemporaneous painting in village churches. To a certain extent this may be explained by the fact that the chapel belonged to the Guild of the Holy Cross, a corporation which was in all probability wealthy and able to procure the best craftsmen to decorate their chapel.

There is still some evidence on the walls of the nave that equally fine paintings formerly adorned the remainder of the building. About a century ago, many of these were still in existence. Lithographs of somewhat poor quality were made of them at that time by Thomas Fisher, but the paintings were destroyed a short time subsequently. From these records, however, we learn that those in the chancel included Legends of the Holy Cross, and the paintings in the nave figures of Saints and various allegorical subjects. The surviving painting of the Last Judgment is truly a remarkable example of this our English school, and there can be no doubt that originally the Guild Chapel of Stratford-on-Avon was an exceptionally fine example of an English painted church.



A WALL-PAINTING IN ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL: ST. APOLLONIA, CARRYING A PAIR OF PINCERS.



PAINTED TO SUGGEST CARVED RELIEFS: ONE OF THE SERIES OF WALL-PAINTINGS IN ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL DEPICTING EPISODES IN THE MIRACLES OF THE VIRGIN.

In sending us his drawings of three of the well-known wall-paintings in Eton College Chapel, for purposes of comparison, Professor Tristram writes: "They are not, as the Stratford-on-Avon paintings, in a definitely English tradition, but are executed in a monochrome of black, grey, and white, colour being sparingly introduced in places. . . . The subjects which depicted the Miracles of the Virgin were arranged in two tiers in a setting of painted architectural forms, with figures of saints in niches, and it was obviously the painter's intention to suggest the effect of carved reliefs. . . . What still remains is a noble example of English wall-painting. In many respects the work resembles miniatures in Burgundian and Flemish books of the period; but evidence exists to support the conjecture that Geoffrey Baker and Gilbert, whose names suggest the probability of their being Englishmen, were the painters. A detailed description of these paintings by Dr. M. R. James, the Provost of Eton, with a complete set of illustrations, will appear in a forthcoming volume of the Walpole Society."

Drawings on this Page by Professor E. W. Tristram.



ST. DOROTHY, CARRYING A BASKET OF FLOWERS: A WALL-PAINTING IN THE CHAPEL OF ETON COLLEGE.



# FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A BRITISH GUNBOAT RECENTLY FIRED AT BY CHINESE TROOPS ON THE YANGTSE DURING A RESCUE OPERATION, THREE OF THE CREW BEING WOUNDED: H.M.S. "TERN." H.M.S. "Tern," one of the British river gunboats on the Yangtse, was fired on by Chinese troops near Ichang, and three of the crew were wounded. She succeeded in rescuing four British cargo-boats held up by rifle fire twelve miles above Ichang, caught in the cross-fire of the opposing Nanking and Wuhan forces. The "Tern" was built by Messrs Yarrow, of Glasgow, in 1927.



THE EAST RIDING'S ANCIENT CAPITAL LATELY KEEPING THE 800TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS CHARTER: BEVERLEY—THE NORTH BAR.

The old town of Beverley, formerly the capital of the East Riding of Yorkshire, arranged to celebrate, on April 24, the 800th anniversary of its first charter, which was granted by Archbishop Thurstan, of York, in 1129. The present Archbishop of York was invited to preach at a special service in Beverley Minster. The North Bar is the only one now surviving of Beverley's mediaeval gateways.



TRAINING LIONS IN HERTFORDSHIRE: TWO OF 24 LION "PUPILS" ON AN ANIMAL FARM AT GOFFS OAK—CUBS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION.

"In the picturesque little village of Goffs Oak, Hertfordshire," writes a correspondent, "a once-typical English farm has been taken over by Mr. G. B. Chapman, a dealer in wild animals, and transformed into a jungle school where lions, zebras, bears, elephants, emus, and other creatures are trained for the use of circuses and menageries." There are twenty-four lion "pupils" in all at Goffs Oak. Our photograph shows two of the cubs at their "lessons."



THE QUEEN'S GIFT TO HOVE MUSEUM: AN INTERESTING STATUETTE OF GEORGE IV. MADE IN SUSSEX IRON.

Her Majesty the Queen, we are informed by the sender of this photograph, has just presented to the Hove Museum two items of unusual interest. One of them is the statuette illustrated above, representing King George IV., and made of iron from Sussex. It is ten inches in height. The other gift is a picture entitled "View of the Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells."



A NEW GERMAN LIGHT CRUISER TO BE FLAGSHIP OF THE BALTIC FLEET: THE "KÖNIGSBERG" PUT INTO COMMISSION AT WILHELMSHAVEN.

The new German light cruiser "Königsberg," the third of that name, launched on March 26 1927, was put into commission at Wilhelmshaven on April 17 last, and will be the flagship of the Baltic Fleet. She is the third in a programme of five cruisers, built under the Versailles limit of 6000 tons. The first two—the "Emden" and "Karlsruhe"—were already in commission. The "Königsberg" is an improvement in several respects.



## THE QUEEN AS A KEEN COLLECTOR OF ANTIQUES.



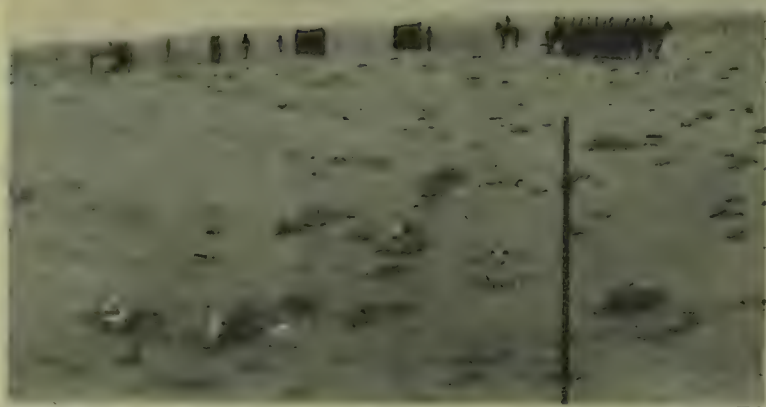
AFTER HAVING ADDED TO HER COLLECTION: THE QUEEN LEAVING AN ANTIQUE-SHOP IN ARUNDEL.

Her Majesty the Queen is an ardent and most knowledgeable collector of antiques of numerous kinds, and few things give her greater pleasure than a visit to a curio-dealer's. In London, she shows the keenest interest in the contents of the antique-shops; at Cowes it is the same; she has honoured most of the Edinburgh antique-dealers with calls during her residence in Scotland; and since she has been with his Majesty at Craigweil House, Bognor, she has found time to examine the

antique-shops in the neighbourhood and make some purchases. Our photograph shows her Majesty leaving a little shop in Arundel, for her "pieces" are selected in comparatively small stores, as well as from the stocks of famous experts, as she is quite able to trust her own judgment in regard to what is worth buying, being possessed of the enviable quality of "flair" for exceptional items, a characteristic by no means common to the general.



## THE NAMAQUALAND DIAMONDS DISPUTE: STATE DIGGINGS PROTECTED BY POLICE.



SENT TO THE NAMAQUALAND DIAMOND FIELDS AFTER THREATS BY PRIVATE DIGGERS TO "RUSH" THE STATE DIGGINGS: POLICE FORCES ON PARADE.



AN ARMED POLICE SENTRY GUARDING AN OPEN CLAIM: A SCENE TYPICAL OF CONDITIONS PREVAILING AT THE TIME OF THE TROUBLE.



THE STATE DIAMOND DIGGINGS AT ALEXANDER BAY, IN NAMAQUALAND: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE, AND THE FLAT, BLEAK COUNTRY IN WHICH THEY ARE SITUATED.



A BOER WAR VETERAN WHO PREVENTED SERIOUS TROUBLE BY DISSUADING NAMAQUALANDERS FROM "RUSHING" THE DIGGINGS: "GENERAL" MANIE MARITZ (RIGHT FOREGROUND).



THE CAUSE OF THE DISPUTE, AND A NEW SOURCE OF WEALTH IN AN OTHERWISE UNPRODUCTIVE REGION: ALLUVIAL DIAMONDS FROM NAMAQUALAND.

These interesting photographs, just to hand from South Africa, recall the agitation that occurred some months ago regarding the new field of alluvial diamonds in the north-west corner of Namaqualand, at the mouth of the Orange River. Writing from that district on March 26, our correspondent says: "The area was proclaimed a State Diggings by the Union Government, and administered by them as such. Namaqualand itself is a country of terrible droughts, and, the population being almost entirely agricultural, much distress has prevailed during the last three or four years. The discovery of diamonds raised hopes that the Government would throw open the area for private pegging, and so alleviate distress. This hope was

also cherished by many unsuccessful diggers from the Lichtenburg (Transvaal) diggings, and gradually a drift began towards Port Nolloth, the nearest town to the new area. After repeated petitions and deputations to the Government, who replied that on no account would the area be thrown open, a difficult situation arose. The attitude of would-be diggers became more and more hostile, culminating eventually in an ultimatum to the Government that, if concessions were not made by a certain date, the diggers would 'rush' and take possession of the area. The Union Government's reply to this was to send a force of police, some 200 strong, to Alexander Bay, as the State diggings area is called."



## A PALANQUIN FOR BABY; BOX-LIKE SKIRTS: CURIOSITIES FROM AFAR.



HUNGARIAN PEASANT GIRLS IN VOLUMINOUS SKIRTS, PLEATED AND STARCHED, THAT PRESENT A BOX-LIKE EFFECT WHEN THE WEARER SITS DOWN: A CURIOUS ROADSIDE SCENE DURING A REST ON THE WAY TO A VILLAGE FESTIVAL.



WHERE PERAMBULATORS ARE UNKNOWN: A BABY BEING TAKEN FOR AN EVENING OUTING AT PAHLGAM, IN KASHMIR, LYING IN A PALANQUIN CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS OF TWO STALWART BEARERS, WITH THE NURSE FOLLOWING BEHIND.

The charm of the unfamiliar, as represented in the local customs of distant lands, is well exemplified in these two photographs, which come respectively from Hungary and Kashmir. Describing the upper illustration, a Czechoslovakian correspondent writes: "You and your readers may perhaps be interested in this scene, which I recently took on the occasion of the festival of Maria Besnyö, near Gödöllö, in Hungary. Throughout the whole morning pilgrimages were arriving from every village in the Komitat. The unmarried girls, in white clothes and strange head-dresses, carried banners and an image of the Virgin. This photograph shows the

extraordinary appearance of the starched skirts when the girls are seated, and they have to be careful to make no sudden movement, for fear of spoiling the whole skirt. . . . I may add that, since this festival has not yet been exploited for tourists, the girls are still very shy, and I had the greatest difficulty in securing the photographs."—The lower illustration shows an interesting incident of domestic life in Kashmir. At Pahlgam, where the photograph was taken, there are no such things as perambulators, and Baby goes for an evening outing in a cradle borne like a palanquin on the shoulders of two men.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS : ENGLISH DELFT.—II. : MICHAEL EDKINS AND THE BRISTOL POTTERS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

about 1764—1771, and are painted by Michael Edkins, who worked mainly for Joseph Flower at Redcliffe Backs, Bristol.

The Delft potters, no less than any other European manufacturer, could not but supply the prevailing demand for elegant *chinoiserie*. But what a difference between these five plates and the average attempt of the period at imitation Chinese! The usual copyist produces a lifeless echo of the original. Edkins manages to preserve the spirit of his model, and adds to it some subtle quality of his own. He has an impish sense of humour; he can draw; and, what is remarkable, he knows the value of empty spaces in a complicated design.

Thanks to the researches and excavations on the spot conducted by the late Mr. W. I. Pountney, we know a good deal about the Bristol Potters, and are able to distinguish with a reasonable degree of

the theatre at Bristol, and one can still see decoration by him on either side of the altar-piece at Redcliffe Church. Besides this, he emblazoned arms on coaches. More surprising still, he attracted the notice of Powell, one of the proprietors of Covent Garden, who persuaded him to go to London, where he duly appeared on the stage. Powell quarrelled with his partners, and as a result of this dispute Edkins abandoned the boards and returned to his work in the pottery. It is doubtful whether, had he remained an actor, his name would still be remembered. As it is, he must be regarded as a very considerable artist, and one of the two or three outstanding personalities of an industry that only in recent years has been appreciated at its true worth.

Of the specimens illustrated here it will probably be generally agreed that Fig. 1 is the most satisfactory: the design is so well balanced, the details in such good taste. This is blue and white, as also

is Fig. 5, in which the border design is perhaps a little in the air, and unrelated to the charming centre group. The other three plates are polychrome. The little angler in Fig. 3 is admirably suggested, full of grace and movement. Figs. 2 and 4 show two different conventions frequently used in Bristol Delft. Fig. 2 has a powdered background; and Fig. 4 a so-called "marbled" edge—a convenient enough term, but one hardly adequate to describe so delicate a pattern, which rather resembles a series of ovals divided by sections of cobweb.

It has already been noted that the Delft potters had to meet the competition of the far

THERE are a large number of seventeenth and eighteenth century plates, bowls, dishes, and jugs, which are of interest mainly on account of their inscriptions. There is a plate in the London Museum which is unique. It is dated 1601, and bears the following rhyming inscription—"The Rose is Red the Leaves are Grene God Save Elizabeth our Queene." A rare set of Lambeth plates, six in number, is inscribed with this doggerel, one line on each plate—

What is a merry man  
Let him doe what he can  
To entertain his guests

With wine and merry jests  
But if his wife doe frown  
All merriment goes down.

On the bottom of a punch-bowl one will find written "One drink and then—"; other examples will be inscribed "Success to trade"; yet others will bear an electioneering exhortation such as "Sir John Pole for ever." The potters, in short, unpretentious and homely people, were quick to take advantage of any local or national event, from the making of a plate in commemoration of the launch of a new ship at Liverpool, to the signing of a treaty between England and America.

But this type of inscribed pottery has in the main only an adventitious interest. We have already noticed (in our issue of April 13)



FIG. 1. "THE MOST SATISFACTORY" OF THE SPECIMENS ILLUSTRATED HERE: A BLUE-AND-WHITE DESIGN.



FIG. 2. A POLYCHROME PLATE WITH A POWDERED BACKGROUND: ONE OF THE CONVENTIONS USED IN BRISTOL DELFT



FIG. 3. SHOWING A LITTLE FIGURE OF AN ANGLER ADMIRABLY SUGGESTED, FULL OF GRACE AND MOVEMENT: A POLYCHROME PLATE.



FIG. 4. WITH SO-CALLED "MARBLED" EDGE—A VERY DELICATE PATTERN LIKE A SERIES OF OVALS DIVIDED BY COBWEBS: A POLYCHROME PLATE.



FIG. 5. WITH A BORDER SOMEWHAT "IN THE AIR" AND UNRELATED TO THE CHARMING CENTRE GROUP: A BLUE-AND-WHITE DESIGN.

PAINTED BY MICHAEL EDKINS, "A VERY CONSIDERABLE ARTIST," WHO PRESERVED THE SPIRIT OF ELEGANT *CHINOISERIE* WHILE ADDING A SUBTLE QUALITY AND HUMOUR OF HIS OWN: PLATES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH DELFT, DONE FOR JOSEPH FLOWER, OF BRISTOL, AND DATING FROM ABOUT 1764—1771.

Photographs by Courtesy of Mr. Louis Gautier.

what the seventeenth century could produce in the way of pure decoration: it remains to consider what the eighteenth could achieve before the tin-enamel technique gradually petered out, as it were, before the far more efficient lead-glaze ware of Staffordshire. (It must be remembered that this so-called Delft is exceedingly brittle; it had, therefore, little chance of survival as soon as the great Staffordshire industry became established.) The illustrations have been chosen to show the great artistic and technical advance upon the vigorous, but rather crude, examples previously reproduced. The latter were of the seventeenth century and the first few years of the eighteenth. These five plates can be dated somewhere

assurance between the products of the different factories. Bowen, Joseph Flower, and John Niglett were the most considerable manufacturers, but the business evidently attracted many smaller, men. The landlord of "The Cross Keys," for example, Thomas Patience, ran a pottery as a side-line, and his tavern was a *rendezvous* for his friends in the trade.

It was to this place that Michael Edkins, who would seem to have been as attractive a personality as he was an artist, came when he arrived from Birmingham to seek his fortune. He was a man of parts, and the story of his life reveals a character as charming as his work upon these plates. He could sing; he could act. He painted the scenery for

more efficient Staffordshire product. It must also be remembered that they had to sell their more decorative pieces in competition with the true porcelain factories, such as Bow and Chelsea. They finally went out of business with the invention of transfer-printing—and that meant the beginning of the industrial age, and the almost complete elimination of the individual craftsman. In short, the English Delft potters suffered the fate of their Dutch and Italian contemporaries; they were overtaken by what we are pleased to call progress, and failed to adapt themselves to new conditions. These plates from the brush of Edkins are very fair examples of what they could do at their best.



# TREASURES INVISIBLY GUARDED BY THE SELENIUM RAY.

# STORIED SILVER IN A UNIQUE EXHIBITION IN AID OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S HOSPITAL.



OLIVER CROMWELL'S GIFT TO HIS DAUGHTER, MARY, ON HER WEDDING TO VISCOUNT FAUCONBERG: A TWELVE-SIDED GILT PORRINGER AND COVER—1652.  
(Lent by Lady Louis Mountbatten.)



SAID TO BE MADE OF SILVER SALVED FROM A SPANISH ARMADA GALLEON: A GILT GOBLET OF 1620.  
(Lent by Mr. F. P. M. Schiller.)



A BEQUEST OF ANNE, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, TO GEORGE MORLEY, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, IN 1675: A GILT PORRINGER AND COVER, KNOWN AS "THE WINCHESTER PORRINGER."



MADE BY SIMON PANTIN IN 1724: A SILVER TABLE FOR A TEA-KETTLE AND STAND. (Lent by the Earl of Strathmore.)



AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER-WORK: A PERFUME-BURNER OF 1628, BEARING THE MAKER'S MARK. (Lent by Mr. Sydney Loder.)



THE KING'S PLATE FOR MARES, WON BY "LEGACY" AT NEWMARKET, APRIL, 1736: A GOLD TEAPOT, WITH HORSE AND RIDER.  
(Lent by Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild.)



AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY EXAMPLE BY SIMON PANTIN: A SILVER TEA-KETTLE, STAND, AND LAMP, OF 1713. (Lent by Major S. L. Courtald.)



WITH A BOLD DESIGN OF A UNICORN, AND A SMALL HEAD ON EACH HANDLE: A SILVER PORRINGER AND COVER OF 1670.  
(Lent by the Earl and Countess Bathurst.)



IN A RICHLV ELABORATE DESIGN: ONE OF A PAIR OF ORNATE SILVER FIRE DOGS OF 1660-70.  
(Lent by Almina, Countess of Carnarvon.)



A FINE EXAMPLE OF EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER-WORK, BY BENJAMIN PYNE: A WINE-CISTERN OF 1724, WITH HANDLES IN THE FORM OF HORSES.  
(Lent by Viscount Cowdray.)

The great loan exhibition of old silver which the Duchess of York will open, on May 1, at Seaford House, Belgrave Square, the home of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, is probably the finest collection of privately owned silver plate ever assembled. It comprises 600 exhibits, arranged in chronological order. The Queen has lent three magnificent pieces, and a quantity of historic silver belonging to noble families will be seen for the first time. The earliest piece, dated 1480, is the pomander and chain worn by Mary Queen of Scots on her way to execution. It has been lent by Mrs. Crichton-Maitland. The total value of the exhibits is estimated at £500,000,

and extraordinary precautions have been taken to ensure their safety. Detectives are on guard day and night, and there is an elaborate system of scientific burglar-alarms by means of the invisible selenium ray (illustrated in our issue of November 17 last). The ray passes immediately in front of the exhibits, and the smallest object that "cuts" it breaks an electrical circuit and sets bells ringing. This might result even from pointing an admiring finger at an exhibit! The ray also passes over all windows, doors, and shutters round the exhibition rooms. For protection against fire there are sensitive alarms actuated by the smallest flame or puff of smoke, such as the lighting of a cigarette.



# Fashions & Fancies

## The Season's Hats.

The millinery modes are delightfully elastic this year, and the most severe critic of modern fashions could hardly call them uniform. Hats with scarves to match are great favourites, carried out in baku and crêpe-de-Chine, or in felt with kasha scarves; these for sports wear and patterned with bold, geometric designs. Stitched crêpe-de-Chine hats, as light as a feather, are replacing the felt for the really warm weather, but they are as well tailored and as sporting as the trim affairs they replace. A very charming model of this genre is the one sketched in the centre of the 'hats' on this page, a light beige stitched crêpe-de-Chine. Above is a black ballibuntal straw decorated with a motif of white felt. A large feather of dark brown horsehair is the unusual trimming of the lace crinoline hat below. These were sketched in the salons of Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., where there is a large collection of beautiful models. Stitched crêpe-de-Chine hats can be secured from £3 10s., and there are straws of every kind and colour.

## Spotted Voile and Linen.

The Paris models bring many surprises every spring, and not the least of them is the creation of Martial and Armand pictured below, a frock of navy-blue voile patterned with white dots, and the large collar and cuffs of white linen embroidered à jour. Voile has not been employed for fashionable frocks for many years, and it reappears with all the unfamiliarity of something new. The second frock is a printed crêpe-de-Chine, small cream and orange flowers on a deep blue background. Both these attractive models are to



be found in the model gown salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.

There, too, may be obtained two-piece ensembles at 12½ guineas, with a frock of printed crêpe-de-Chine and the coat of wool georgette lined with the former. Also available for this moderate price are evening frocks of printed chiffon in lovely colourings and designs.

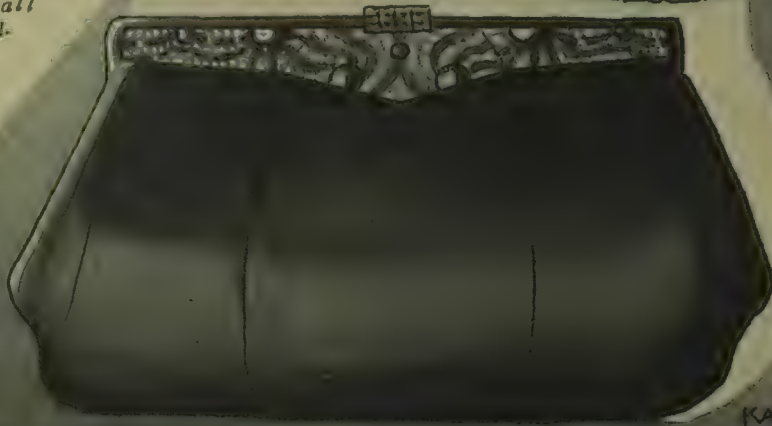
## The New Skirt Bag.

The latest handbag is a most amusing shape which is aptly christened the "skirt bag." It is sketched just below, in blue leather which wraps over in the approved manner, outlined with gilt. The opening is square. This is to be found in many different colours at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., who have a wonderful collection of new bags. Below is one of the fashionable antelope ones, completed with a magnificent mount of silver diamanté and mock emeralds. There are "zip" bags in entirely new shapes available from 25s. 6d., in suède or morocco leather, and at 1 guinea the choice is limitless.

## A Parade of Tailored Fashions.

To demonstrate how very attractive the season's new tailored fashions are, when expressed in fine fabrics and designed and made by craftsmen who understand and appreciate all the subtleties of their art, Burberrys are holding a series of mannequin parades at their Haymarket house daily from Monday, April 29, to Friday, May 3, from 11.30 a.m. to 1 p.m., and in the afternoon from 2.30 to 5 o'clock, at which their latest creations in costumes, sports suits, overcoats, and travel coats will have their premier showing. An additional interesting feature of these parades will be a display of coloured Burberry weatherproofs, in an almost limitless variety of colourings, suitable for fashionable fuactions.

At the top are sketched a group of the latest hats from Paris at Debenham and Freebody's. The first is a black ballibuntal straw, decorated with white felt; the second a finely stitched beige crêpe-de-Chine; and the third a crinoline lace straw unexpectedly trimmed with a large feather of dark-brown horsehair. Here are two Paris frocks from Harvey Nichols, and on the right appear two of the latest handbags from Marshall and Snelgrove's.







# Haig

*No finer Whisky  
goes into any bottle*

## 301 years ago

the Haig family began making the Whisky that has made Scotland famous all over the world. To-day the quality is finer than ever. The sales, also, are greater than ever. The reason is

### INSIDE THE BOTTLE



## THE ART OF DINING. GOOD THINGS FOR SPRINGTIME MENUS.

By JESSIE J. WILLIAMS.

SPRING is generally suggested as the most natural and fitting time to make an entire change of menu, and we are assured that if a generous and varied diet of vegetables and salads be included in



THE CLAMP-SEAL TYPE OF WATERLESS COOKER GIVES DELICIOUS FOOD AT LOWER COST.

the menus now, greater health will result in summer-time. However this may be, the merry month of May brings many good things into the market, some of which housekeepers refrain from buying in the early stages, deeming it extravagant outlay. But merely buying inexpensive food is not economy. Truest economy is best served by purchasing things in their season and knowing how to get the best out of them. The French housewife is a genius in her complete comprehension and application of this art. How seldom do we hear, for instance, of an English cook following the Continental way of boiling the succulent pods from which the tender green peas have been shelled, and then using the rich liquid thus extracted for boiling those same peas. Until we have eaten them cooked in this way, we know little of the flavour of green peas.

Freshly cut English asparagus, when it comes, needs little preparation for table beyond boiling,

or by a method of boiling and steaming combined, letting a bundle of the grass stand upright in a deep pan so that the harder stalks boil tender while the heads of the grass are steamed, and thus not over-cooked. But the imported asparagus that comes first does not possess the flavour of the home-grown variety, and may with advantage be treated as follows. Cook the asparagus as directed above, drain it well, and put it into a buttered, fire-proof baking-dish, sprinkling each layer with grated cheese—Parmesan is best for the purpose. Chop a few chives until fine, fry them lightly in butter and spread them over the asparagus; then sprinkle with cheese and bread-crumbs, add a few pieces of butter, and bake in a moderate oven.

After the winter beef and mutton, everyone finds it refreshing to turn again to veal and lamb. In choosing the former, care should be taken to see that the flesh is firm, dry, and of a delicate pink colour, and the fat white and clear. No more delicious way of serving veal is there than that known on the Continent as Wiener Schnitzel. Have small veal cutlets cut about half-an-inch thick; egg and bread-crumbs them, and fry them an attractive brown both sides in hot butter. Beat two ounces of fresh butter to a cream, add to it one teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, a little salt and cayenne, and a few drops each of lemon-juice and any sauce preferred. Arrange the veal on a hot dish with quartered lemons round, and on the top of each lemon put some of the prepared green butter. Put anchovies in the spaces between the lemons.

But where beef is still preferred, variety may be given by different ways of cooking. The new waterless cooker, by conserving the goodness of food, gives results that may well be recommended. Or a pot-roast, done in an ordinary iron saucepan, gives a joint that is excellent and tender because it has been cooked gradually and none of the goodness has been allowed to escape. For this method, have about three pounds—the upper cut of the round is suitable—tied into shape, and dredge it with flour. Make a little fat hot in the saucepan, put in the joint and brown it on both sides. Then put in three teacupfuls only of boiling water; cover the saucepan, and let the contents simmer very gently for an hour. Now add salt, pepper, a bay-leaf, a small carrot, two spring onions, and a sprig of parsley, and continue to cook very slowly, keeping the lid on. A very little more water may be added if the liquid cooks

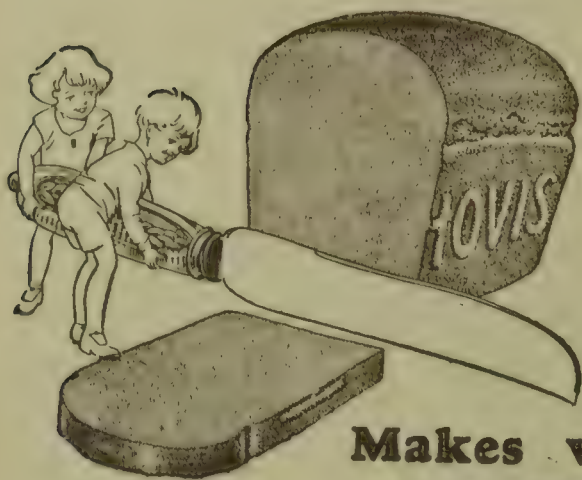
away; but if much is used, the character of the dish is destroyed.

Coffee sweets are always appreciated at this time of year. Good, strong, but withal delicate-flavoured coffee is needed. That made in one of the new percolators gives excellent results when making coffee junket. To do this, put one pint of new milk in an enamelled saucepan, flavour it with four teaspoonfuls of strong coffee, and add sugar to taste. Heat gently over the fire until just blood-warm; then pour it into a glass dish. Add immediately one



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tablespoonful of essence of rennet, stir quickly and put the dish in a cool place and leave it undisturbed for an hour. When set put whipped cream in little piles on the top.



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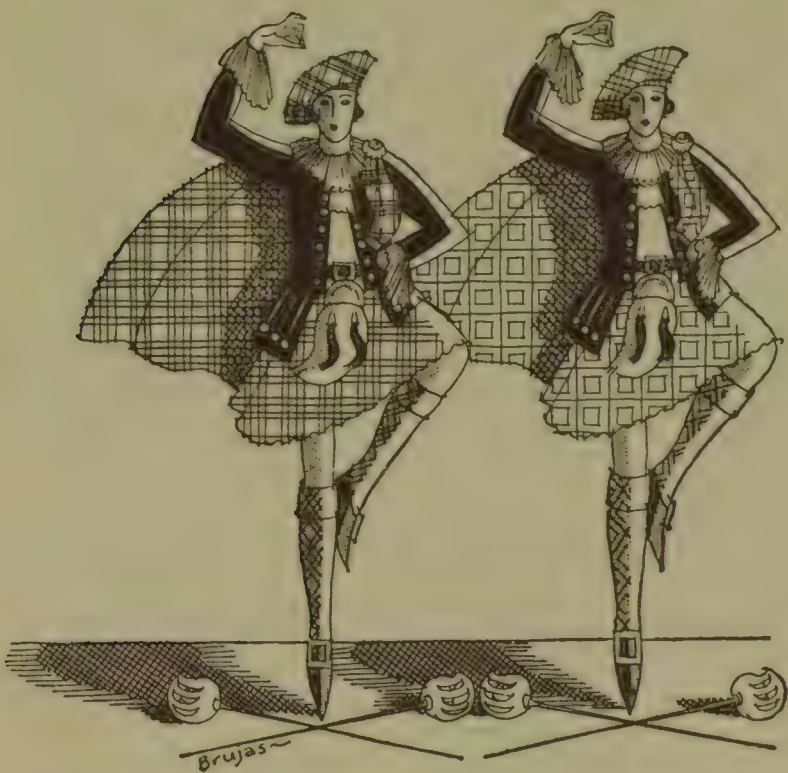


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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

BOTH the London Symphony Orchestra and the Royal Philharmonic Society have finished their season of symphony concerts. The two last concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra were conducted by Felix Weingartner, and the programmes were entirely composed of classical music with the exception of Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" and Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique." The conducting was on a very high level. It is many years since a London audience has heard such a magnificent performance of the "Eroica" symphony as Weingartner gave. He is a particularly inspiring conductor, because he does not get his results by bodily exercise, by excessive perspiration, but by musical intelligence and perfect lucidity of mind. An orchestra playing under Weingartner always knows exactly what it is expected to do, and his mastery consists partly in giving the orchestra the necessary freedom to feel itself, and to develop a heightened consciousness of rhythm.

This is extremely important, because an orchestra cannot get its rhythmic sense merely from the conductor's gymnastics. In fact, one might almost say that it was a rule that the more the conductor moved the less the orchestra moved. It is certainly possible to drive an orchestra along by a sort of sheer brute force. And one often sees the sweat pouring down a conductor's face in his frantic endeavours to put life into the playing of an orchestra. But you might as well expect to typewrite witty and rhythmic sentences by punching the keys of your typewriter with your fists. The wit and the sense of rhythm must be in the mind, and no muscular effort alone will produce them. This is a truism known in every form of sport, and yet it is ignored by many musicians. We all know that the secret of power in batting or rowing or boxing is in timing, not in brute strength, and Weingartner may be said to "time" more perfectly than any other living conductor. His style is so delightful to watch because he secures the maximum of effect with the minimum of effort.

There could not have been a greater contrast than the programmes of the two concluding concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra and that of the final concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society.

One has only to hear a programme of Beethoven under Weingartner to recognise the everlasting quality of such music. It seems utterly impossible to exhaust its beauty and expressiveness. No doubt a programme consisting of the "Eroica" and the F major (No. 8) symphonies and the "Leonora No. 3" gives one as admirable a selection from Beethoven as one could wish; although one could make two or three equally good selections. For example, the Overture to "Coriolanus," the Second and the Ninth Symphonies would make a wonderful programme; so would the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Symphonies; or the Overture to "Egmont," the First and the Seventh Symphonies. But the reason we find Beethoven so fresh and so stimulating under Weingartner is that Weingartner performs the true function of a conductor—that is to say, he reveals the music of the composer, and does not impose himself between the composer and the audience, as so many of the younger conductors do. It is not merely a question of letting the music "speak for itself." Unfortunately, music cannot speak for itself, until it is performed, and the performer must understand the music and know how to let it "speak for itself." This is not done by merely beating time and following expression marks. It is only done by a living sense of the music which directs the players as the minds of the players direct their fingers on the instruments. And Weingartner is conspicuous for his possession of this living musical sense.

The programme of the Royal Philharmonic Society's last concert on April 18 was notable chiefly for the inclusion of two new works—one the symphony "Israel," by Bloch, and the other a tone-poem, "Tapiola," by Sibelius. Ernest Bloch is a cosmopolitan Jew who was born in Geneva, studied in Brussels, Frankfurt, and Munich, lived in Paris and Switzerland, and finally settled in America. He sets out to write specifically Hebraic music. Whether we judge that he succeeds or not will depend upon our definition of "Hebraic." Personally, if I were asked to specify what qualities were specially Hebraic, I should find it difficult. There are Jews and Jews, as there are Englishmen and Englishmen, Germans and Germans, and so on. When we feel in querulous or pugnacious mood and give free rein to any prejudice which happens to be uppermost, we select all the bad qualities we have found in Jews, ignoring the good, and we

then say to be so-and-so is to be a Jew. But we could make just as good a case out for the exact antithesis. Therefore I could say—if I felt in the humour—that turgid rhetoric, over-elaboration, noisy aggressiveness, and ostentatious display were specifically Jewish characteristics; and, since I find these characteristics in Mr. Bloch's music, I might then add that Mr. Bloch's "Israel" symphony is very like Israel. But I have to remember that austere and noble Jewish philosopher, Spinoza, that great poet who wrote the Book of Job, and that wonderful prophet Isaiah, and say to myself, "These were also Jews." And then I must conclude that, if Isaiah and the Book of Job are Jewish, then there is nothing Jewish whatever in Mr. Ernest Bloch, but just a mere cosmopolitan rhetorician.

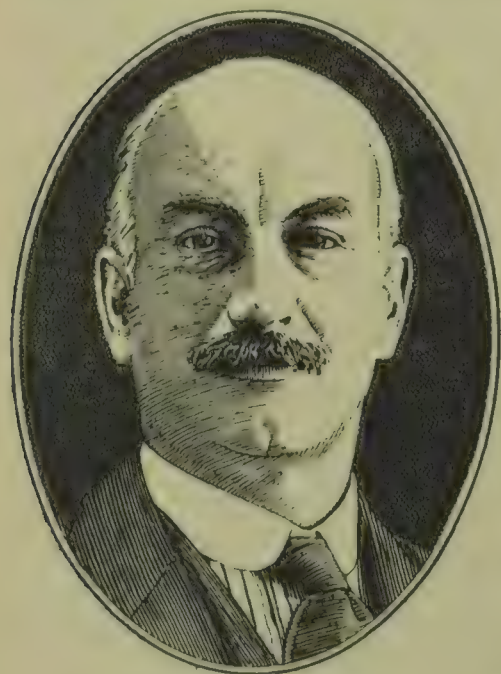
And this latter is, in fact, the opinion I incline to. At any rate, leaving out of account altogether the racial question—always a very difficult and misleading subject—and considering the music from a purely musical point of view, I can find nothing to praise in Mr. Bloch's symphony "Israel." It is earnest and sincere, but it is also dull and long-winded. I do not understand how such turgid, over-charged, scrappy stuff can impress any real musician. The work which followed it, the overture "Sakuntala," was also by a Jewish composer, Goldmark. This is a tedious and silly composition, in which one could, if one wished, also find "Jewish" traits. But I prefer to describe this overture by saying that it is characteristic of the man of whom the following story is told:

One day Moritz Rosenthal was walking along a street in Vienna with Goldmark, who, drawing his attention to a commemoration tablet affixed upon the wall of a house in which Schubert had lived, said to Rosenthal: "What do you think they will put up on my house when I am dead?" To which Rosenthal maliciously replied: "To let." Personally, I find the rather empty childishness of Goldmark's music preferable to the solemn magniloquence of Bloch, but that is, no doubt, an idiosyncrasy which I cannot expect others to share.

The new Sibelius work, "Tapiola," which has the following lines prefixed to the score—

Widespread they stand, the Northland's dusky forests,  
Ancient, mysterious, brooding savage dreams;  
Within them dwells the forest's mighty God,  
And wood-sprites in the gloom weave magic secrets—

[Continued on page 4.]



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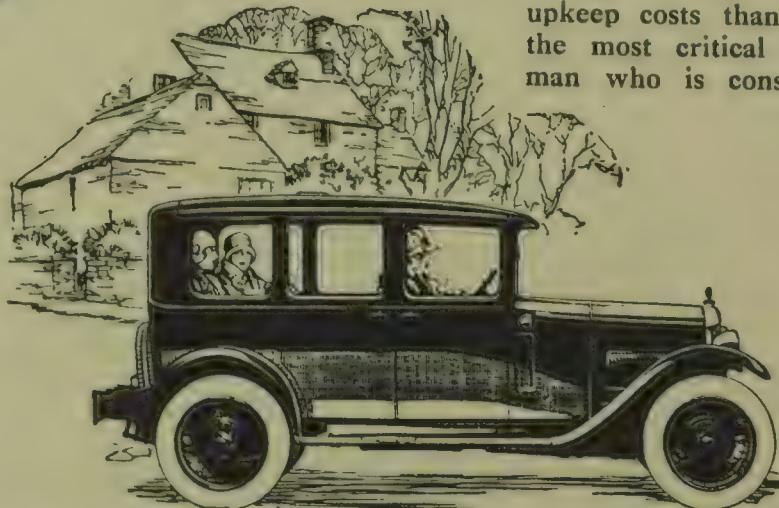
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## MARINE CARAVANNING.—XXIX.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON.

AN American once told me that the characteristic he admired most in the Britisher was that he brooked no criticism on his country by foreigners, but was for ever criticising her himself. An essay



THE "POOR MAN'S YACHT": AN OUTBOARD MOTOR-CRUISER (TO SLEEP TWO IN COMFORT) FITTED WITH A "C" CLASS EVINRUDE ENGINE

These vessels attain a speed of 17 m.p.h. They are supplied by Messrs. George Spicer, of Brentford.

might be written on that statement, but I am concerned with it only as it applies to marine caravanning. It infuriates the British manufacturer, for instance, to be told that the reason American marine engines are so popular for "speed boats" is because they are cheaper than the home product. This is true if judged by certain standards, but the fact does not save the Government from the wrath of its electors usual in such circumstances. Someone at home must be blamed, but never the foreigner, and it is this which saves the situation, for, after dissatisfaction comes creation, so new engines are designed. Many are under construction now, and America knows it: so, in order to retain her market, she is forced to produce engines on British soil.

The Kermath engine, for example, can claim Canadian nationality. It is handled in this country

by Messrs. George Spicer, of Brentford, who are also the British agents for the Universal engine and the Evinrude outboard. I visited this firm a short while ago, and came away with the comfortable feeling that, though they imported many engines, practically all the hulls for them were built in this country, because it does not pay to import them.

The most interesting vessel that is offered is the outboard cruiser. It is the "motor-cycle combination" of the sea, and, if fitted with a well-silenced engine, should have a great future. It is the ideal "poor man's yacht," and, like many other innovations, it comes from America; but it is built in England, for the reasons I have already stated. These "midgets" are of the "V"-bottomed type of hull, and have a length of 18 ft. and a beam of 5 ft. With the engine tilted up the draught is only 6 in., so with this small draught they form serious competitors to river punts with canopies for sleeping. They are carvel-built, and have mahogany planking fastened with copper, whilst their stems, keels, and stern-posts are of oak.

In such small vessels full headroom is, of course, impossible, but they nevertheless provide comfortable sleeping accommodation for two persons, cooking facilities, and a separate toilet compartment, which is situated forward. The cockpit aft is roomy, and, if covered with an awning, provides in fine weather an additional living-room. With full equipment, but without the engine, these boats may be obtained for £95, and, though I have not had the opportunity to prove it, I believe that, with a class "C" Evinrude engine, they can attain a speed of 17 m.p.h.

Now, the outboard engine has made many enemies by reason of its noise, and has been denied access to certain waters in consequence. It should be remembered, however, that it is still a child, and as such it can be made quiet, and will become so

as it grows older. Since last summer the silencing of these engines has received the attention of all designers, and great strides have been made along the lines of exhausting under water. Most of these methods tend to reduce the power of the engine by the back-pressure which they set up; but I know one which not only eliminates this fault, but claims to increase the propeller efficiency also. Real silence with outboard boats cannot be expected without the aid of the boat-builder, who has been rather too prone to throw the responsibility on the engine-maker; in other words, hulls must be designed in which it is possible to cover the engine, as in inboard vessels. A small attempt has been made to do this in Messrs. Spicer's boat, for the fore-part of the engine is covered. Why the whole of it is not covered also I cannot say, for the provision of a removable plate over the after-part appears an easy matter without interfering with the operation required to "start up."

I hope these small craft will become more numerous, as they would make handy yacht tenders with their sleeping accommodation removed.



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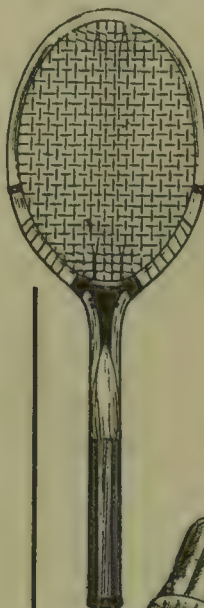


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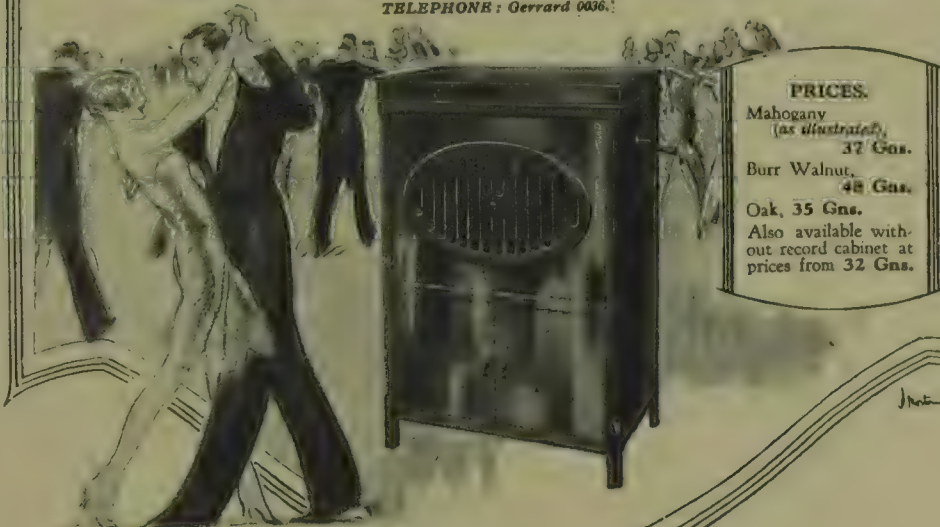
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

### CONCERNING PETROL CONSUMPTION—AND A SUCCESSFUL AIR-VALVE.

OF all the adjustments and tinkering which the owner-driver from the earliest days has loved best, that of trying to reduce his petrol consumption must come first. Within reasonable limits practically every expense connected with the running of a car matters more than petrol consumption. Somewhere about 1920 we can all remember a black period when a tin of the stuff cost very nearly a ten-shilling note, but except in those grim days, and, of course, except when the car was used for enormous mileages, one's petrol bill was one of the things that worried least.

#### The Usual Results.

I have no idea how many gadgets have been put on the market for reducing petrol consumption, but the number must be very large. I cannot say that I have tried them all, but I am sure that I have tried at least one of every kind, and up till now the results have been practically the same, as I dare say they have been in the experience of others. Generally speaking, over a reasonable period, say 5000 miles, the diminution of fuel consumption has been so slight as barely to cover the cost of the gadget itself. Unless very considerable care was employed in its use, the performance of the engine fell off badly. It stands to reason that, if you weaken the mixture beyond the point set by the design of the carburetter in its natural state, you are going to get poor results—and poor results invariably mean that you are using more throttle in order to keep the car going, and using more throttle raises the consumption. So, generally speaking, the two cancel each other out, and you are finally left with much the same consumption and inferior performance.

#### Their Advantages.

Perhaps this is not true in every instance, but it may be taken that it is generally so, except in special circumstances. If you live in very flat country and know a good deal about the running of your engine, you may do some good with a petrol-saver of good design. If you drive much on the Continent, the

same is true to a certain extent. On ordinary give-and-take roads in this country, where you are continually slowing down and picking up again round corners and constantly meeting short hills of mild gradient, you have to be very "nippy" indeed if your extra gadget is going to pay for itself. There is one undoubted advantage about all of them if you live in really hilly country, and that is that you can keep your engine cooler and a little cleaner if you can conveniently cut off the fuel when making long coasts and give the engine nothing but undiluted air. In that respect a good extra air-valve is always worth having; but it is doubtful whether, as a rule, it will make any difference to your petrol bill, unless you drive with economy as your first aim.

#### The Simple "Gajit."

Having said this much, and having, you will notice, qualified it by "as a rule," I must now make an exception. There is an extra air-inlet called the "Gajit," sold by A.R. Motor Gadgets, Ltd., of 527, Lea Bridge Road, London, E.10, sent to me some time ago for trial and report, which, very surprisingly, does what it is advertised to do. At least, I should say that it has done so with the car on which I have been experimenting with it. The makers guarantee that its use will save from 5 to 20 per cent. of petrol. Failing this saving, they are willing to return your money—10s. The fitting consists of a small nickel case about two inches high, an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch thick. There is an intake on one side, and a corresponding outlet on the other in the form of two short lengths of tube. On the top there is a screw-down needle valve with a lock nut which the driver opens and shuts with one finger as he goes along.

#### The Petrol it Saved.

It is fitted in any convenient position close to the driver's hand, on the dash, and the air intake may be connected up by rubber tubing to a tube screwed on to the inlet pipe, or, more conveniently, run off the vacuum-operated screen-wiper. In my case, this is the method I adopted, and the whole business of fitting and connecting up occupied no more time than is required for screwing the bracket on to the dash, cutting the screen-wiper tube in half, and pushing the two loose ends of the tubing on to

the two little tubes. It is so small and neat that it is hardly noticeable, and no sensible person could complain of its appearance. Greatly to my astonishment, it worked most successfully. By all the rules of the game it ought to have done nothing of the kind, but it did. The car on which I tried it has a 12-h.p. engine which averages about twenty-four miles to the gallon, carrying a Weymann saloon body. The initial experiment I made was over a thirty-two mile run in Berkshire and Oxfordshire, which included the climbing and descent of Bix Hill, and crawling through the congested Saturday streets of Reading. On that run out and home the consumption with the Gajit open worked out at thirty miles to the gallon.

#### Hill-Climbing.

On the level the engine did not seem to me to have lost enough power to be noticeable when the Gajit was wide open, but it fell off considerably on Bix Hill, as might be expected. Normally, with two people up, the car will climb this on top gear at a good speed. With the Gajit open it called for a change to third speed about 100 yards from the top. During the course of the next experiment the Gajit was kept closed for this and other hills of approximately the same severity, but the consumption of petrol was so slightly increased as to be almost unmeasurable. Roughly speaking, we found that with two, three, and four passengers up over all kinds of roads, the consumption improved by at least 20 per cent., and on occasion 25 per cent.

#### Its Mysterious Success.

I cannot attempt to explain the reason of this. Had the roads been perfectly level these results might have reasonably been expected, but as they included the two most fuel-wasting obstacles, heavy traffic and long hills, all I can do is gracefully to acknowledge that, at any rate so far as the Gajit is concerned, I am utterly wrong about the value of extra air-inlets. It may be that things will be quite different when the roads are wet and heavy, and the anti-cyclone which is still in charge of the weather as I write this is a thing of the past; but even if that happens the Gajit must still be a useful thing to have on the car if only for driving in very hilly country. I should add that the suction of the air is quite inaudible in a saloon.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.



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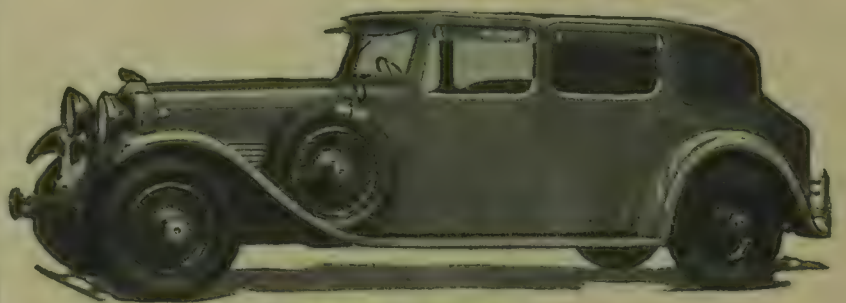
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# THE CALL OF THE SEA.

By CHARLES W. DOMVILLE-FIFE.

IN these strenuous days, when the human machine, taxed to capacity (in more ways than one!) for the greater portion of each year, is expected to operate with increased efficiency after even a brief slackening of effort, the problem of where and how the maximum amount of health-giving enjoyment can be obtained with the minimum of cost and fatigue is of ever-increasing importance. An analysis of the *pros* and *cons* leads me to the conclusion that the sea cruise is gaining position very rapidly as a most popular form of holiday. It has at least five cardinal factors in its favour. It is healthy, restful, and interesting; it is less expensive than a land tour of equal range and duration; and it can be undertaken without anxiety or effort. To all save the incurably sea-sick, it promises the ideal form of holiday.

## IN AND AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

During the spring months, there are few cruising-grounds to compare with those of the Mediterranean. This narrow sea has the advantage of a coast-line embracing portions of Southern Europe, North Africa, and the Orient; with all the varieties of scene due to change of continent, and with fascinating differences in race and customs. There are, of course, several ways and means of visiting this sea-playground. France can be crossed quickly by train *de luxe*, and a stay of days or weeks made on the French or Italian Riviéras; but in order to enjoy to the full the changing panorama of the Mediterranean, which forms its principal attraction, one must cruise in its blue waters, seeing something of the ancient and the modern, the gay south-west and the colourful East.



A "MECCA" FOR THE TRAVELLING WORLD: VENICE.

Marseilles by the fine vessels of the Messageries Maritimes.

## ISLES OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.

With the close of the Mediterranean season at about the middle of May, most of the large vessels enumerated above transfer their attentions to Portugal, Madeira, and the Canary Islands. The attractions of these places are far too little known. Lisbon, with the beautiful Cintra Range, old Moorish castles, a small but pretty Riviera around the semi-tropical Estorils, and Madeira, the flower-garden of the South Atlantic, provide an abundance of beauty and interest for the traveller who does not desire to go far afield. Foremost among cruises to these, the "Fortunate Islands" of the old adventurers, must be mentioned that of the popular cruising ship *Arcadian*, of the Royal Mail Line. Leaving Southampton on May 17, visits will be made to Gibraltar, Tangier, and Casablanca, where glimpses will be obtained of native life in North Africa; then Las Palmas and Teneriffe, the two most beautiful islands of the Canary group; and, finally, Madeira.

Early in June, with the coming

of warmth and sunlight to Arctic lands and seas, most of the cruising ships sail into the Norwegian fjords, the Baltic, and as far north as the Polar ice. This summer, however, the Royal Mail, P. and O., and other lines are maintaining cruises to the Mediterranean throughout the holiday season.

## LANDS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

One of the finest summer cruising-grounds are undoubtedly the Norwegian fjords. These lake-like arms of the sea, sheltered by an almost continuous chain of islands, cut deep into the rugged, snow-capped mountains of the Northland. Along the fringe of level land which borders the fjords in places are quaint and picturesque wooden villages; with here and there on the wider levels such large towns as Bergen, Merok, Molde, Trondhjem, Tromsø and Hammerfest. In many parts along these sea channels, walls of rock, hundreds of feet in height, rise sheer out of the water, and so narrow is the passage that it seems impossible for the ship to pass through.

Waterfalls and glaciers come down to the edge of the fjords, and there is ever a freshness in the air which comes from the eternal snows above.

Just beyond Trondhjem, during a voyage north, the Arctic Circle is crossed, and, at Svartisen, there is a sea of ice covering an area of 220 square miles. At Tromsø, which is largely visited by Lapps, with their reindeer, there is an interesting Arctic Museum. The most northerly town in the world, however, is Hammerfest, where the sun never sinks below the horizon from May 16 to July 27. The simple fact that the sun remains in view for weeks at a time conveys but a poor idea of the curiously impressive beauty of this phenomenon. Towards midnight the glittering light of the long day turns slowly to rose-pink, tinting the clouds which seem to come up from behind the world. The colours deepen until the blood-red orb rests on an indigo sea, cleft by a widening pathway of ruddy light. There is a silence, broken only by the lap of the waves, a mysterious glamour, in watching the midnight sun over the Arctic Sea.

It is obviously impossible to enumerate here all the cruising ships voyaging north during June, July and August; but, mention should be made of the unique cruises by the R.M.S.P. Company's *Araguaya*, which on June 7 leaves Southampton for Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; the s.s. *Arcadian* on July 5 is to visit Iceland, Spitzbergen, and the North Cape; the B. and N. Company's *Stella Polaris*, on Aug. 1, will commence her annual Arctic cruise to Spitzbergen, Bear Island, and the Polar ice; the *Arcadian* on Aug. 10 is scheduled for Leningrad, in Soviet Russia, for Norway, and for Sweden. Here it should be pointed out that Sweden forms an uncommon and delightful country for the summer tourist.

## TO THE MIGHTY AMAZON.

For those to whom the austere beauty of the Far North makes no appeal, there is the tropical counterpart of Norway's fjords to be found in the series of lagoons and islands known by the generic name of Amazonia—a new world of glamour, sunshine, and romance in Northern Brazil. To this land of the South Seas the Booth liner *Hildebrand* will sail in May, July, and again in September. A feature of these six-weeks' cruises is the inclusion in the cost (£90) of a most comprehensive sight-seeing programme on shore.

After Portugal and Madeira have been visited, the way lies across the azure wastes of the South Atlantic to the palm-fringed Amazon. At Pará there is the old fort where the Portuguese discoverers first landed, and there are many queer and beautiful sights. For over a thousand miles the Liverpool liner winds her way through narrow lanes of yellow flood, between the green walls of the world's greatest jungle, past natives in their primitive dug-out canoes, birds of gorgeous plumage, huge butterflies, orchids, vast fields of the Victoria Regia water-lily, and forest fires. Nowhere are the cloud effects and sunsets more beautiful, and at night the river is a pathway of silver



IN THE FJORDS: A "CAT-BOAT."

Little of interest is left out of the itineraries planned for the principal cruising ships. Gibraltar, with its amazing fortifications, its cosmopolitan little town, and its views of near-by Spain and more distant Morocco, is usually the first place to be visited. Palma, in the Balearic Islands, a vision of white houses and green foliage framed by the blue of its harbour, comes next; then Algiers, with its modern French boulevards and its old Arab town.

The view now changes, for we steam into the Grand Harbour of Valetta, capital of the Island of Malta. Everywhere, there are relics of the days of chivalry—the magnificent cathedral, the Armoury of the old knights, ancient streets of steps, lace and curio shops, and a fine seaside drive. Then away over the blue waters to Cyprus, Palestine, or Egypt, where the Orient spreads out its colours and the portals of a new and never-to-be-forgotten world are entered. Before the traveller has learned that there is much that is sordid and cruel behind the glitter of the East, he is whirled away to ancient Greece, with its graceful temples, its classic cities, and its gem-like isles in a transparent sea. Finally, he may pass by the flaming Stromboli into the Adriatic, or visit Sicily, in the shadow of Etna, the blue isle of Capri, and the Côte d'Azur.

Of cruises in these waters there are a variety. The Orient liners *Otranto* and *Orford*, both 20,000-ton



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## IN SEARCH OF TRUTH.

(Continued from Page 710.)

transformed that admiration into adoration, by making almost superhuman geniuses of them! It admired, magnified, and exalted all the epochs: the Greek epoch, the Roman epoch, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and the Revolution . . .

They applied that admiring lyricism to magnify contemporary things which had not even the excuse of distance. Distance in space, which dwarfs objects to the eye, acts in an opposite manner upon contemporary minds: it makes them larger. If rather unusual events are enacted somewhere in a country which is little known, we at once imagine that humanity is beginning a new experience, and the fact that that experience will be dearly bought matters little. No progress has ever been made without suffering. And we resign ourselves all the more easily to the suffering this new experience entails because it is other people who suffer. That is a condition of mind which makes it difficult to understand the deep crisis in which a part of the world is struggling. Too often marvellous promises for the future are sought where only painful liquidations of the past exist. Too often we imagine that we see a new reality that has been born and developed, when there is only a desperate struggle against emptiness.

The Russian revolution is not the only example of this: the Mexican revolution, the Turkish revolution, and even, to a certain extent, the Chinese revolution, are symptoms of the same evil. But the Russian revolution is the most striking example of it. By two centuries of wars and conquests, they had succeeded in uniting a large number of races under the sceptre of a single dynasty. For two centuries that immense Empire lived under the absolute and uncontrolled power of a Court and a bureaucracy. The prestige of the Court and the bureaucracy had been gradually worn out during the last century by time, Western ideas, and the discontent which a despotic Government everywhere aroused by the errors of which it was guilty. But, if that absolute power had declined, it kept till the last strength to stifle all the oppositions by which it might have been replaced.

An enormous, unfortunate, and exhausting war overthrew that despotism and left it no successors. Then a

complete void was produced. For six months the Empire remained without governments, army, administration, or money; a prey to revolutionary effervescence without results. No one in Europe paid any attention to a small party which was agitating itself in the midst of that revolutionary effervescence, and professed a doctrine foreign to the country in its origin and spirit. According to that doctrine, a revolution, greater than the French revolution, was being prepared in the world; but it would be made by the big industrial countries of the West. Russia, that agricultural, barbarous, backward country, could not take the initiative of this revolution. After six months of anarchy, thanks to circumstances which still remain very obscure, that little party, which had a few thousand guns and a few million roubles at its disposal, succeeded in taking possession of the power. And then it tried to make the revolution that its doctrine declared to be impossible for Russia, and to create by that revolution a government which would replace the absolute monarchy.

Universal history has never seen a more paradoxical programme or triumph. The complete void, the absence of all other power capable of governing the Empire, after the break-up of the old régime, explains the success of that small party which was the first that dared to grasp the vacant power when all the rest of the world hesitated. But the void which had been its ally at once became its enemy. The history of Bolshevism is that of a continued struggle against nullity. By wishing to create a State with a sort of regenerative resolution which its doctrine declared to be impossible in Russia, it let loose an enormous chaos. In order not to be swallowed up by that chaos, it resorted to all sorts of expedients, transactions, and adaptations. It is not an exaggeration to say that during the last twelve years the Russian revolution has changed its programmes, its aims, and its objects every year. Russia has lived through the most extraordinary contradictions, which by their accumulation have made an unsolvable enigma.

Among these contradictions there is one of which Europe is still ignorant. A Russian lady brought it to my notice, and I put it before you here, because one should always pay attention to what is said by the people of the country. "People in Europe do not know," said this Russian, "that

the oligarchy which to-day governs Russia has been forced, in order to impose Communism, to get rid of the persecution of nationalities, about whom Tsarism was implacable. In order to get Socialist and economic doctrines accepted, she has conceded liberty to all the important nationalities of the Empire. But, having once been given liberty, the nationalities have awakened and organised themselves, and soon they will demand their independence. Communism will be overthrown by an explosion of all these nationalities, which will break what remains of the unity of the Empire, and create a certain number of independent States."

What opposing judgments these contradictions may justify! It is asserted that, with the revolution, Russia has turned her back upon the West and once more thrown herself into the arms of Asia, from whence she came. That is true from certain points of view. But a French writer, M. Drieu de la Rochelle, has been able also to maintain with reason that the Russian revolution is the despairing effort of a backward people to catch up with the West. "A handful of adventurers, seconded by a small number of the proletariat, have got rid of the apparatus of an old-fashioned government. This time Peter the Great's shot will not misfire; it will be urged to its utmost limit. It is only a question of obtaining the first machines and credit. Pass this way again in twenty years' time; they promise to show you everything of which a man may be most proud—centres of electricity, sky-scrapers. But the Europeans have understood that historic reality as little as the Russians themselves. They still allow themselves to be deceived by the Marxist vocabulary!"

It is easy to imagine what has become of law, justice, moral sense, intellectual life, and good sense in such a chaos of contradictions. But, if one searches to the bottom of this chaos with eyes which do not exaggerate things, one only finds the remains of the French Revolution still unfinished in the periphery of Europe. It is the same with all the other European countries which are troubled by crises which appear mysterious. The great political problem which Europe faced in the seventeenth and France in the eighteenth centuries is not yet solved in a great part of Europe and in all of Asia. But it is no longer posed with the same clearness as it used to be; it is complicated and obscured by too many new elements that deceive actors and spectators alike.

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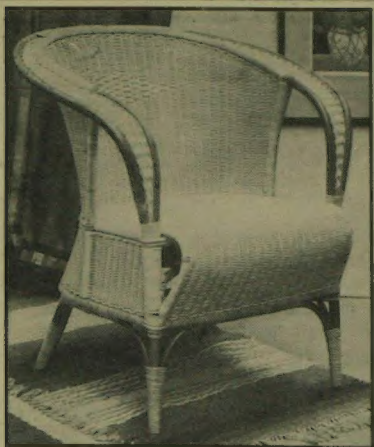
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The English champion knows every ramification of the Ruy Lopez, and Capablanca has the variation 8. — KtK2 in the Steinitz Defence. Deferred named after him, so that their meeting at Ramsgate produced a fair fight, ending in a draw. Capablanca had "nothing on" Yates at any time in the game, and, indeed, used up all his time in his successful effort to force a draw.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (F. D. Yates.)	BLACK (J. R. Capablanca.)	WHITE (F. D. Yates.)	BLACK (J. R. Capablanca.)
1. PK4	PK4	21. P×P	QRKt1
2. KtKB3	KtQB3	22. KKR1	
3. BKt5	PQR3		White now gets a firm grip on the K file, as an equivoque to the Black Q side manoeuvres.
4. BR4	PQ3	22. RKt5	
5. Castles	BQ2	23. PQR3	RR5
6. PB3	PKKt3		If 23. — R×P, 24. KtB6ch!
7. PQ4	BKt2	24. QKt2	
8. BK3	KKtK2	25. KtB5!	

The Capablanca Defence. 9. P×P or 9. RK1 are familiar replies, but Yates finds a new one. 9. PB4. This unnatural-looking move seems to work out satisfactorily.

WHITE	BLACK
9. Kt×P	P×P
10. KtQB3	Castles
11. B×Kt	Kt×Kt
12. Kt×B	QB×B
13. Q×B	B×B
14. QK2	KtB3
15. QKt1	QK3
16. QKt1	QK3

Capablanca commences operations against the Q side, but Yates puts up a rock-like defence.

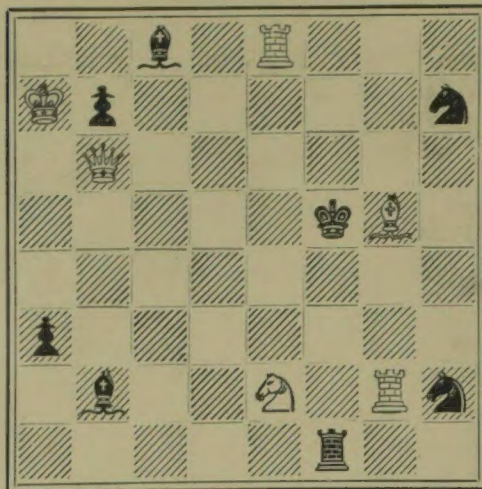
WHITE	BLACK
17. QK2	PB4
18. KtB3	P×P
19. Kt×P	PQKt4
20. P×QKt3	P×P

Breaking up Black's Q side, and leaving him nothing to play for but a draw.

WHITE	BLACK
25. P×Kt	P×Kt
26. R×Kt	QKB3
27. QK2	R×RP
28. RK1	RKt6
29. PR3	RKt3
30. QK3	RKt7
31. PB3	QB5
32. Q×Q	R×Q
33. R×P	RB2
34. RR1	RQ2
35. R×RP	R(Q2)Q7
36. R×BP	Draw agreed.

White threatens mate, and Black has a perpetual check. Both sides have thoroughly earned their half-point.

PROBLEM No. 4047. BY REGINALD B. COOKE (PORTLAND, MAINE).  
BLACK (8 pieces).



WHITE (6 pieces).  
[In Forsyth Notation: 2b1R3; Kp5a; 1Q6; 5kBr; 8; p7; 1b2SrRs; 5r2.]  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4045. (BY A. J. FENNER.)  
[5r2; BtS5; KppQ1p2; R4P2; 2BtK3; p5Pq; r3pPrS; 1bb5—mate in two.]

Keymove: BKt5 [Bc4—b5]. Threat B×BP.

If 1. — K×P, 2. BQ3; if 1. — P×B, 2. QQ5; if 1. — P×R,

2. QK6; if 1. — RB7, 2. BQ3; if 1. Q×BP, 2. RR4; if 1. — RQ7, 2. QB4; and if 1. — BQ6, 2. B×B.

An ingenious key, giving a flight, and the obstruction of the Bishops by the Rook's defences are the strong points of this pleasing problem. There are some near tries which have claimed many victims.

Solvers' List unavoidably held over till next week.

## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

(Continued from Page 732)

was very luminously orchestrated and beautifully lucid, yet it was not evocative enough and too closely descriptive. Sibelius is an interesting composer, but he never quite comes up to expectations. He is evidently very sensitive to nature, and to the peculiar character of Finnish scenery, but he has never succeeded in writing (to my knowledge) a single piece of evocative nature-composition comparable, for example, to Debussy's "L'Après Midi d'un Faune."

Now that the present season of the Royal Philharmonic Society is concluded, one may speculate upon its future. During the present season all the eight concerts were conducted by British musicians. The Society seems proud of this fact, irrespective of the quality of these musicians, which is extremely varied. Some of these conductors are young and promising, and deserve to have been given an opportunity to conduct a Royal Philharmonic Society concert. Others are of proved merit, but not all are worthy of inclusion. The number of works performed was thirty-four, by twenty-three composers. Germany, as might be expected, headed the list with

ten composers who were responsible for nineteen works. Great Britain comes next, which is rather surprising, with four composers (Delius, Elgar, Goossens and Wallace), and five works. France was also represented by four composers (Berlioz, Debussy, Fauré and Franck), and five works, and then Russia with two (Tchaikovsky and Medtner). The curious fact that one of the great musical nations of the world, Italy, provides practically no music for concert performance reveals the diversion of Italy's musical genius into the operatic form. We have to go to the days of Corelli, Scarlatti, and Vivaldi to find Italian composers writing non-dramatic music equal to that written by contemporaries in other countries.

Vocalists greatly predominated in numbers among the soloists. There were only three solo pianists, Mr. Cortot, Mr. Medtner, and Mr. Schnabel; there were no solo violinists, but two solo cellists, Mr. Barjansky and Mr. Manucci. Among the numerous singers none stood out conspicuously; but among the solo instrumentalists Mr. Artur Schnabel made distinctly the greatest impression, and left a vivid memory behind him. W. J. TURNER.

## "THESE FEW ASHES," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

MR. OWEN NARES is capable of much better acting than he is given a chance of showing in "These Few Ashes." In this fairly amusing trifle, attributed to "Leonard Ide," he is condemned to figure in that rôle of much-worshipped philanderer from which for some time now he had seemed to have emancipated himself. Each of the three acts of the piece shows us a separate love-affair in which the young amorist he represents is involved, and from which he emerges uncomfortably. The three farcical incidents are knit together by prologue and epilogue, picturing the rival ladies gathered before an urn in which the ashes of their embarrassed swain are supposed to lie. A fourth woman intervenes at the close, who frees the young scamp at once from his tormentors and his debts. Perhaps the funniest moment in the story is that in which the husband of a Frenchwoman appears on the scene to protest, not on his own behalf, but in favour of another lover of his wife, whose suit he prefers to the hero's. Mr. Nares portrays light-heartedly enough the troubles of the philanderer. Miss Athene Seyler is rather wasted on the Frenchwoman. The other three leading women parts are played by Miss Stella Arbenina, Miss Nell Carter, and Miss Grace Wilson.

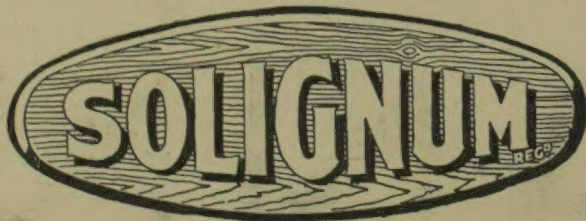


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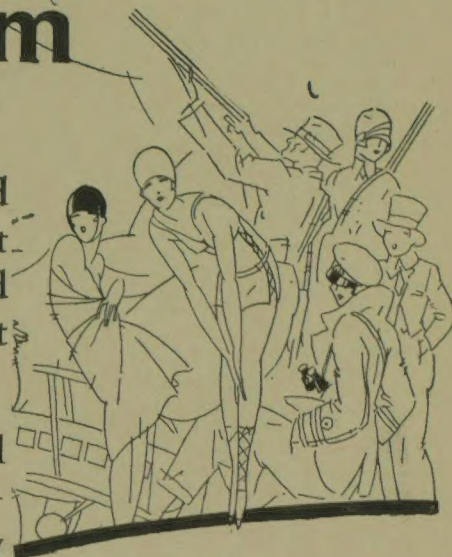
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